

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,085



THE

GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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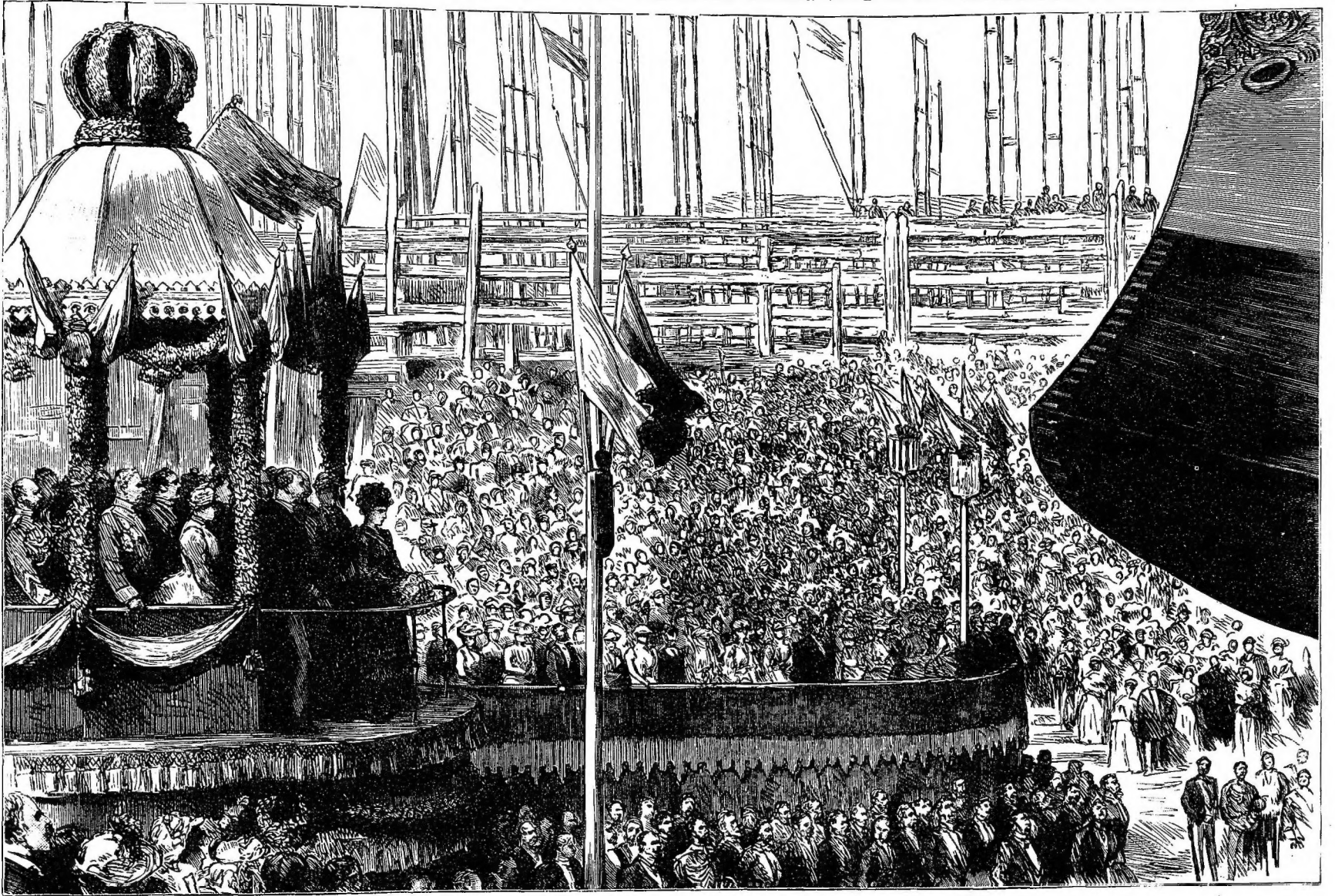
THE GEOGRAPHIC

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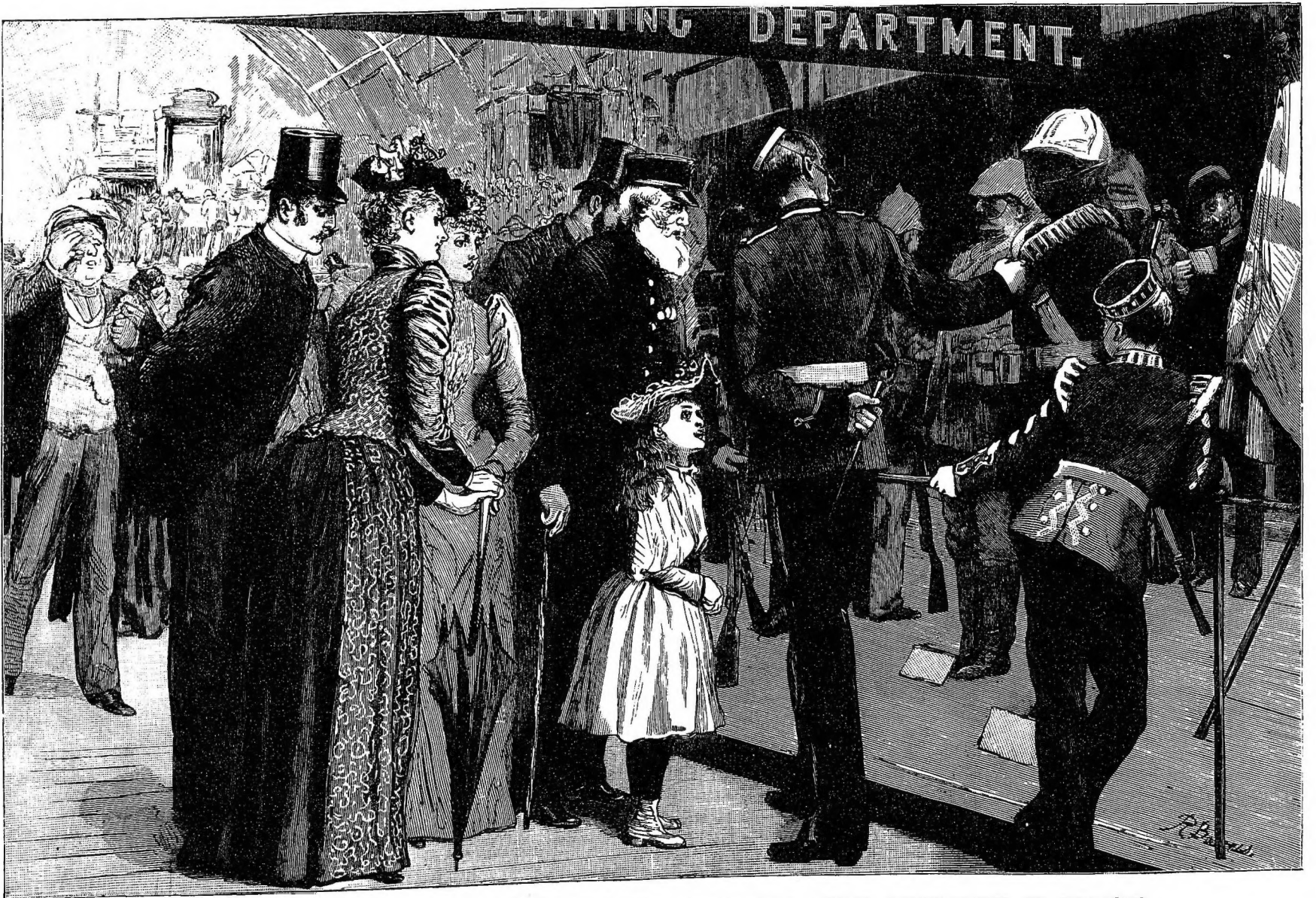
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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1890

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THE QUEEN OF SPAIN LAUNCHING THE FIRST CRUISER "LA INFANTA MARIA TERESE"
THE ANGLO-SPANISH SHIPYARDS AT BILBAO



THE MILITARY EXHIBITION REVISITED—INTERESTED SPECTATORS—THREE GENERATIONS OF SOLDIERS

Topics of the Week

THE EIGHT-HOURS SPLIT.—For some time past it has been predicted by close observers of Trade-Union politics that the Eight-Hours Question would cause a terrible schism if ever pressed forward with undue haste. This prophecy was based upon the well-known difference of opinion among the working classes as to whether Parliamentary meddling with labour contracts would not be likely to do more harm than good. In the Trade-Union ranks, opinion was pretty equally divided on the question, as it was at the Liverpool Congress last week. But among non-unionist workmen a very large majority are believed to view the proposal to place legal limits on the hours of labour with extreme repugnance. Yet, although all this must have been well known to the leaders of the new school, they determined to risk even the secession of all the textile Unions sooner than let the question be postponed for another year. The result is precisely what they ought to have foreseen: Mr. Birtwistle and other important leaders have broken away from the Parliamentary Committee, and the predicted schism is an accomplished fact. This cannot fail to be a very serious loss to Trade-Unionism as a militant body. The secession includes some of the most powerful, wealthy, and numerous Unions in the Kingdom; and the withdrawal of their subscriptions from the Parliamentary Committee will place a sore strain on the funds available for its support. The object sought by Mr. Burns and his colleagues in pursuing the course which has culminated in this grave disaster was to spread employment over a wider area, so that no surplus labour might ever be in the market to be played off against strikers. But in process of time, as the population increased, it would become necessary to lower the limit again and again, until, at last, Capital withdrew from Industry in despair of ever again making profits. It is because the Lancashire weavers and spinners have the sense to perceive that they could not meet foreign competition, if so heavily handicapped, that they have broken away from their old comrades.

DUELLING.—Challenges and duels are following the Boulanger revelations as freely and naturally as rain succeeds the sudden bursting of a black cloud. The French political duel is not, as a rule, except by misadventure, a very serious matter; unless in extreme cases the purpose of both parties is less to kill or injure an opponent than to secure a good advertisement or to comply with the code of honour. The Frenchman appeals to sword or pistol where the Englishman has to choose between swallowing an insult, courting a summons for assault and battery, or carrying his wrongs, together with his whole private life, and the private lives of other people, before an amused public and an unsympathetic jury. There is one other alternative—to return insult for insult; and this has become so popular in Vestries, Boards of Guardians, the House of Commons, and other political meetings, that words which no self-respecting Frenchman could permit himself to brook have become among us the common small shot of discussion. To be called liar or coward even in the House itself, and to put up with it, is thought little more of in high-spirited England than if it were mere badinage; and for the simple reason that there is no form of resentment which does not expose the victim of insult to certain ridicule, if to nothing worse. We could not revive the duel if we would, and would not if we could; and yet, by getting rid of that *reductio ad absurdum* of sinful folly, we have left ourselves without a single satisfactory means of resenting the cowardly insolence which is becoming an increasing feature of public life. Duelling is absolutely indefensible, but nevertheless those who abandon it are all the more bound to practise the outward courtesies of which it is in some sort a guarantee. To insult a man to whom the retort *ad hominem* is forbidden is to write oneself down a coward.

THE SUPERANNUATION OF SCHOOL TEACHERS.—The National Union of School Teachers will have the sympathy of the public with them in their proposal for securing pensions to superannuated certificated teachers employed in public elementary schools or training colleges. In spite of long and frequent holidays, teaching, if properly and thoroughly carried out, is most exhausting and ungrateful work, and certainly by the time a man is sixty years of age he has earned a pension, more especially as teachers' salaries are never very high, and all opportunities for making money outside the ordinary work of the profession are practically non-existent. Besides, however capable a man is, he is almost sure at sixty to be a little behind the educational spirit of the times, and should therefore retire in favour of younger men more in touch with the great centres of learning. It is proposed that the retiring age shall be sixty for a man, and fifty-five for a woman, but that teachers who are incapacitated by infirmity of mind or body shall, after a certain length of service, be entitled to a pension. The allowance is to be one-sixtieth of the retiring salary for every year of service, and it is suggested that the Pension Fund shall be created by a deduction equal to four per cent. on the salaries of certificated teachers from the grant payable to each school. The solvency of the Fund is to be guaranteed by the Educational

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Department, and teachers who retire before they are entitled to a pension are to be repaid the deductions made from their salaries. The scheme is one that should meet with support, for, properly managed, it should make no new demands on the taxpayer, and it is one of the few moves in the educational world with which the ordinary sane man can sympathise, probably because it is promoted by teachers who know what they want, and not by faddists blown about by every wind of vain doctrine.

THE BULGARIAN ELECTIONS.—It certainly does not look as if the electors of Bulgaria were horrified by the recent execution of Major Panitza. M. Stambouloff, whose influence with Prince Ferdinand was exerted openly against the doomed conspirator, can now claim that the people of Bulgaria have ratified his decision. The elections to the Sobranje have gone so much in favour of the Government, that the Opposition is little more than a name. St. Petersburg and Moscow cannot mistake the meaning of this popular pronouncement; it signifies that the Bulgarians wish to be left alone to carve out their own destiny in their own way. Major Panitza had many friends, as he well deserved to have; at one time there was no man more popular in the infant State. But his good qualities were forgotten when he entered into plots which, had they succeeded, would have again placed Bulgaria under the iron heel of her friend in the North. Similarly, the people have now practically placed unlimited power in the hands of M. Stambouloff, because they believe that he alone can assure them what they want—national independence, good government, and honest finance. In these matters, he has succeeded wonderfully so far, considering the enormous difficulties he had to overcome. But there is a still more trying ordeal before him, which will test his patriotism to the very core. The electoral victory he has won is so overwhelming, and his personal prestige and popularity so great, that he may be tempted to whisper to himself "Ego, et rex meus." That he is a very ambitious man, all know who have ever been brought into contact with him. But that quality is no harm in a statesman provided it be kept within legitimate bounds. Unfortunately, it too often happens in such cases that the servant comes to consider himself the real master, and, if thwarted, endeavours to make himself so.

CANON LIDDON.—The gift of impressive eloquence has never been rare in the Church of England; it has even been strikingly frequent, considering how few men are endowed with it naturally, and how sedulously, as a rule, it is left uncultivated. Still, as a rule, an English clergyman is not a preacher in the first place—sermons have acquired a subordinate place in these busy times. Canon Liddon, however, whose death—which must be considered premature—is this week deplored wherever English is a spoken or written language, was essentially a preacher; and that in his eloquent books, no less than in the pulpit of St. Paul's. In this respect, his would have been a rarely distinguished personality in any age. Although he did not die a Bishop—not from any lack of Royal or Ministerial appreciation of his gifts and of his influence—he might have received the mitre over and over again. But he was of all men qualified to know himself; and it is certain that he felt and knew the pulpit and the press to be the region where all the great influence he had would be best exercised; the life, in short, to which he had been called by a Higher Power than that of the Crown, or even of the people. His so quickly following to the grave another great English preacher, Cardinal Newman, is the more striking as a coincidence, inasmuch as his "Life of Pusey" would have dealt with the Oxford Movement from another side than that taken by the Cardinal; a side, moreover, which has never been adequately presented, or dissociated from controversy. This is not the place for a memoir; but it is the place for the expression of regret and admiration, and for the hope that his latest work has not been left wholly undone.

THE SOUTHAMPTON DOCK STRIKES.—With the opening of the new docks at Southampton there seemed a promise that the ancient glories of the port would revive, and that some of the trade the great southern harbour had lost would be recovered. Everything seemed in its favour; capitalists were ready and anxious to sink their money in improving the dock accommodation; the railway had roused itself to give every facility for cheap and rapid transport; and the strikes of last autumn had reminded every one that London was not the only port in the South of England. And now all this fair promise has been knocked on the head by the folly and violence of the men, and more harm to the trade and prosperity of the town has been done during this week than can be undone in many laborious years. So much blatant rubbish has been written and spoken of late that the dock labourer seems to forget that, though he has a perfect right to strike, he has no right to prevent honest men from getting a living if they choose to accept work at which he turns up his nose. No good ever came of mob violence and intimidation, and, at a time when every nation in the world is doing its utmost to deprive us of our commercial supremacy, these strikes are simply suicidal. Antwerp, Hamburg, and Havre are all hungrily waiting to take advantage of the madness raging in

our ports. London was not always the capital of the commercial world, and though we have substituted the Thames for the Scheldt as the river upon which floats the traffic of Northern Europe with the rest of the world, yet there is no law of Nature to prevent Antwerp again absorbing the trade of London and Southampton, unless the authorities put down outrage with a firm hand, and the dockers realise that their best friend is the man who gives them work, and not the man who counsels them to refuse it.

FLATS AND FLATCATCHERS.—Society has heard a good deal lately about the insanitary dwellings in which many of the poor live. It is right that public attention should be called to this matter, even if with wearisome iteration, inasmuch as that is the only way of bringing about reform. But a correspondent of the *Standard* points out that the well-to-do tenants of palatial "flats" are sometimes exposed to equal dangers. They take it for granted that the slice of the "mansion" for which such a high rent is asked must be well drained and well ventilated. The huge building presents a handsome and imposing frontage outside; inside, all the arrangements and appliances speak of lavish outlay. Can it be imagined, then, for a moment that the builder would scamp the underground drains and ventilating-pipes merely to save a few pounds? It seems incredible, but such is sometimes the fact. Everything likely to catch the eye is finished regardless of expense, but a sharp check is placed upon such liberality in all details which are hidden from observation. And so the tenant of a sumptuous flat finds before long that his family never enjoy the same health as at his old rude house, and he begins to doubt whether this new system of co-operative dwellings is quite so admirable as it appears at first sight. There he is wrong; the system itself has many merits, but when worked by a "flatcatcher" these are more than balanced by its defects. If, however, it were made compulsory on all landlords to obtain official certificates for their houses, whether "mansions" or rookeries, before letting them, the evil would be at an end. Why a law of that sort was not passed long ago is one of the inscrutable mysteries of Parliament. It is far more urgently needed than nine-tenths of the legislation for which Governments are wont to claim so much credit at the end of every Session.

TRADE UNIONS FOR WOMEN.—Lady Dilke calls upon women to combine for mutual protection—like men. And an excellent thing it will be if working-women follow her counsel; for ground-down seamstresses and their like in every department of labour stand far more in need of union against employers and middlemen than their aggressive kinsmen. Unfortunately the question is not, Ought they to combine? but Can they combine? Would they not, had they found it possible, have combined on a masculine scale many years ago? Lady Dilke's crusade for the benefit of her sex does not, we fear, take sufficiently into account certain phenomena of feminine nature. Women are deplorably—or shall we say charmingly?—deficient in *esprit de corps*. A woman will, unless she be a monstrous exception, throw over all the interests of friends, comrades, and sisters, as of no account, if she sees her way to snatching a few more morsels from the labour-market for her own hungry little ones at home; she will underbid in the most unscrupulous, short-sighted, and devoted manner for the sake of present employment, and of those who are dear to her—as employers and middlemen know only too well. Then husbands, brothers, and the selfish sex generally will have something to say. It is true that they quarrel with women for helping to keep down the wage rate; but they would prefer to see women driven out of the field altogether. Male Trade Unions have never sincerely encouraged feminine imitation. Finally, employers largely employ female labour because they find it so shamefully cheap; not because they prefer it in cases where work is open to both sexes. Our sympathies are with Lady Dilke altogether; but it is a poor sort of sympathy which merely applauds instead of pointing out the difficulties which beset the threshold of the question.

MINISTERS' PRIVATE SECRETARIES.—From a Parliamentary return just issued it would appear that playwrights are wrong when they compare the Private Secretary's lot with that of Mr. Gilbert's policeman. In that very curious family which the Rev. Robert Spalding entered some few years ago, it appeared to be the custom to treat the Private Secretary like an escaped lunatic, and the Radical Private Secretary of a Conservative candidate mournfully declared that he could stand it no longer, on more than one occasion at the Criterion. But our sympathies are now shown to have been misplaced, certainly in so far as Ministers' Private Secretaries are concerned. Twenty-one of these gentlemen have in twenty-one years been appointed to posts worth in the aggregate some 21,000*l.* a year, or an average of 1,000*l.* per annum each. Nine of these gentlemen, it may be added, were not members of the Permanent Civil Service previous to their appointment. It would seem to be a fine thing to sort Mr. Gladstone's papers, for no fewer than four of his Private Secretaries have received excellent appointments in the Civil Service, whereas Lord Salisbury must incur the reproach of thinking more of the State than of his friends, for none of his Secretaries have been rewarded with snug berths in the public service. When all Civil Service appointments were in Ministers' hands this kind of

patronage was right and natural, but now that candidates for Civil Service appointments have to pass very stiff examinations it is unjust that the plums of the Service should be given to outsiders who have crept in through the cabin windows. The issue of this Parliamentary return will, no doubt, mark the discontinuance of the practice.

IN ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-TWO YEARS ONLY!—Mr. Ravenstein deserves some credit, at all events, for the dexterity with which he strove, at the British Association, to give a dull and weary world something fresh to talk about. The prospect of our comparatively near descendants being reduced to munch grass for dinner has much more attractiveness than the old scare about the exhaustion of the coal measures. But, as a contribution to science, the one theory is as empirical as the other. There is not a single assumption among the many enlisted by Mr. Ravenstein but is open to controversy. The most untenable of all, perhaps, is the supposition that the present geometrical rate of increase would be maintained by the world's population long after a most desperate and cruel "survival-of-the-fittest" struggle had set in. All history, all human experience, tells to the contrary. Even if the stronger and more warlike races did not "eat up"—to use the appropriate Zulu phrase—the weaker and more pacific, penury and want would operate as most effective checks on over-population. The poor are, it is true, most prolific manufacturers of their species; here, in London, the birth-rate in St. Giles's is always far higher than that in St. James's. But so is the death-rate, because the children of the poor, ill-cared-for, ill-fed, ill-housed, and too often the inheritors of disease, die off much more quickly than those of the well-to-do. Hence, if all the human race were reduced to a meagre dietary of vegetables with a little corn, population would be much more likely to diminish than to increase. Mr. Ravenstein and the school which he represents do not make sufficient account of the laws and workings of Nature, the Beneficent. Thus, he computes that only so many millions of square miles are suitable for corn growing. That may or may not be the case, but even if corn ceased to grow all over the world, we feel assured that Nature would teach man how to keep himself alive on some different sort of food. Perhaps before Mr. Ravenstein's fatal one hundred and eighty-two years are finished, humanity may have solved the problem of living on air or electricity.

FROM COUNTRY TO TOWN.—Dr. Rhodes has found out why agricultural labourers are so prone to help to overcrowd the great towns. He has informed the Economical Section of the British Association that such a labourer cannot, in the country, keep a family on less than fourteen shillings a week—an estimate that nobody will dispute; while in many districts his weekly wages are no more than twelve and sixpence; result, starvation or change of rural for urban air. Nor do we doubt that twelve and sixpence a week, or even less, is often the nominal income of the country labourer. But it is equally indubitable that his income, direct or indirect, is not merely the equivalent of his wages. In ordinary districts, his rent is very low, and can be more than paid by a plot or garden. Hay-time and harvest bring him very considerable extra earnings. His wife (we, like Dr. Rhodes, are speaking of men with families) is a breadwinner no less than he; and his children contribute to the domestic resources until they leave, and relieve him. He often has various beneficial rights, in the way of pasture; and it may generally be taken that low wages imply compensating advantages. And he may almost always rely upon help when he needs it. Nor does this entire catalogue represent an exceptional state of things; if fourteen shillings is enough, then more than enough is unquestionably the rule; so that a sober, steady, and industrious man ought to be better off in a village than in a city slum. Why, then, is the emigration from country to town none the less a fact? It is the result, we thoroughly believe, of a sort of craze; of an inexperienced fancy that towns are lands of promise—as indeed they are, though not of fulfilment; of discontent, fanned by agitators; of cheap trains; of example and imitation; and of that actual passion for crowding together which is so marked a feature of the time. Wise is the country labourer who stays at home, and adds to his wages a share of the twelve-and-sixpence which the moths who flutter to the town-candle leave behind them.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE EXAMINATION.—Travellers who have just returned from their autumn holiday must be disgusted to think that they did not wait a little longer before returning to harness. Dating from the present week, the stringency of the regulations respecting the search of passengers' baggage has been greatly relaxed by order of those semi-mythical personages, My Lords of the Treasury, and therefore it will no longer be considered absolutely necessary for the well-being of this realm that one's shirt-fronts should be scrubbed by the inquisitive and unsympathetic claws of a Custom House official. The harmless, unnecessary amateur photographer will especially rejoice, for in certain tents of the Philistines to be an amateur anything is to court the treatment usually meted out to a mad dog, and the practical joker in office will no longer be able to insist on exposing a box of cherished, but undeveloped, negatives to the autumnal sun. The discomfort and annoy-

ance experienced by many homeward-bound travellers during the last six years must be included in the little debt of gratitude we owe to the Irish-American patriots who were in the habit of bringing dynamite in their baggage to experiment in those occasional deviations from humanity which seem so trifling to the man out of reach of the infernal machine. But now that most of these scoundrels are enjoying a well-earned repose in Her Majesty's prisons, the strictures of the search may safely be relaxed. Undoubtedly this right of search by the Custom House officials is a salutary thing, but so few articles are nowadays worth smuggling, especially in the small quantities possible in a passenger's ordinary luggage, that the ordeal should be made as little obnoxious as may be to the much-tried gentleman who has been crossing the Channel.

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(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

LYCEUM.—RAVENSWOOD, on SATURDAY, September 20, will be given for the FIRST TIME, a play by Herman Merivale, from the story of the "Bride of Lammermoor." Ravenswood—Mr. IRVING, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Wenman, Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Howie, Mr. Gordon Craig, Mr. Peers, Mr. Hayland, Miss Le Thier, Mrs. Parnesfort, and Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) now open to 5.—LYCEUM.

BRIGHTON THEATRE and OPERA HOUSE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. NYE CHART.—MONDAY, September 15, Mr. THOMAS THORNE and COMPANY.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE.—Monday, September 15, and during the week (Wednesday excepted), THE MISER'S WILL. Misses Oliph Webb, Marshall; Messrs. Tom Craven, Algenon Syms, W. Stradman, J. B. Howe, W. Gardiner, &c.—INCIDENTALS—Concluding with THE MAN AND HIS TIGER.



ANGLO-SPANISH SHIPYARDS AT BILBAO

See page 299

THE MILITARY EXHIBITION REVISITED

THE country cousins and Americans who are swarming in London at this season are constantly to be found at the Military Exhibition. They never seem to tire of the bright uniforms and varied objects of interest which are there to be found. Occasionally one happens upon a specially suggestive scene, as in the three generations, Chelsea pensioner, guardsman, and drummer-boy shown in our engraving. The numerous exhibits of military accoutrements of all kinds which line the central hall are a never-failing source of interest to the visitors, whether they be soldiers or civilians.

THE SEASON AT HOMBURG

THE season at Homburg is beginning to wane. Already the Prince of Wales has returned home, very considerably benefited by the "cure." One of our illustrations shows the Villa Imperiale, where His Royal Highness stayed. In another is seen the Bath House, where may be procured all sorts of baths—the steel-baths, for which Homburg has long been famous, mud-baths, pine-needle baths, and so on. Our remaining engravings show the springs which are the crowning glory of the town. The Elizabeth Spring is rich in chloride of lithium, and, accordingly, is especially efficacious in cases of gout. The Stahlbrunnen is, as its name implies, a chalybeate spring, and contains an extraordinary amount of iron in solution. The Louise Spring is of a similar character, but not so strong. To one or the other, if you have been sent to Homburg for your health, you betake yourself about seven o'clock in the morning, for early rising is a *sine qua non* in the Homburg "cure," with your drinking-mug slung behind you, and take the dose which your doctor has apportioned you; and after a few weeks or so of the treatment, you leave the town a new man or woman, as the case may be, ready for any amount of fresh unhealthiness—late hours, big dinners, and the like—which, in twelve months, will send you back to Homburg to get another "cure."

DRAWING A SWEEPSTAKE AT DONCASTER

BEAUTIFUL weather prevailed during the first two days of this meeting, and there was in consequence a larger attendance than ever on the Town Moor. All male Yorkshire was there, of course; and a goodly proportion of female Yorkshire to boot. Ladies dearly love to combine a little excitement with their pleasuring; and what could be more pleasing, and at the same time more exciting, than to spend a day in the balmy September air, eat a luxurious lunch, and at the same time risk a few pair of gloves on the favourite, or take part in an innocent sweepstake?

SALONICA

THE fire at Salonica, which, as mentioned in our "Foreign" intelligence on page 302, has destroyed so large a portion of the town, including the celebrated Mosque of St. Sophia, the Hospital, the English and Greek Consulates, and about 1,200 houses, broke out in a building near the Mosque of St. Sophia, in that quarter of the city which was occupied by the poorer class of Jews. A strong wind was blowing at the time, and owing to the dryness of the buildings, which were largely composed of wood, and the scarcity of water, the conflagration spread rapidly, and for many hours burnt with great fury. Many lives, it is feared, have been lost, and the value of the property destroyed has been estimated as exceeding 1,000,000 sterling; but fortunately the fire did not extend to the buildings fronting the quay.

The walls of Salonica, which measure about five miles, commence at points near the sea coast, adjoining the White Tower, shown on the right, and the Custom House, shown to the left in our illustration, and ascend from there to the Castle of the Seven Towers, which dominates the whole city.

There is no harbour, properly so called, at Salonica, but the bay being tideless, forms a gigantic harbour, in which any number of vessels may find safe anchorage. The Quay extends from the Custom House to the White Tower, a distance of about a mile, and along this quay, which is well built and paved, are many of the principal modern buildings, such as the shipping and other offices, hotels, and restaurants, and also the large cotton spinning mills erected a few years ago by Messrs. Saia and Nipoti. This quay forms the fashionable promenade and drive of Salonica.

The White Tower, which is known also as the "Tower of Blood," is a gloomy-looking building now used as a prison. Beyond it, outside the city walls, and surrounded by beautiful gardens, are the residences of many of the merchants.

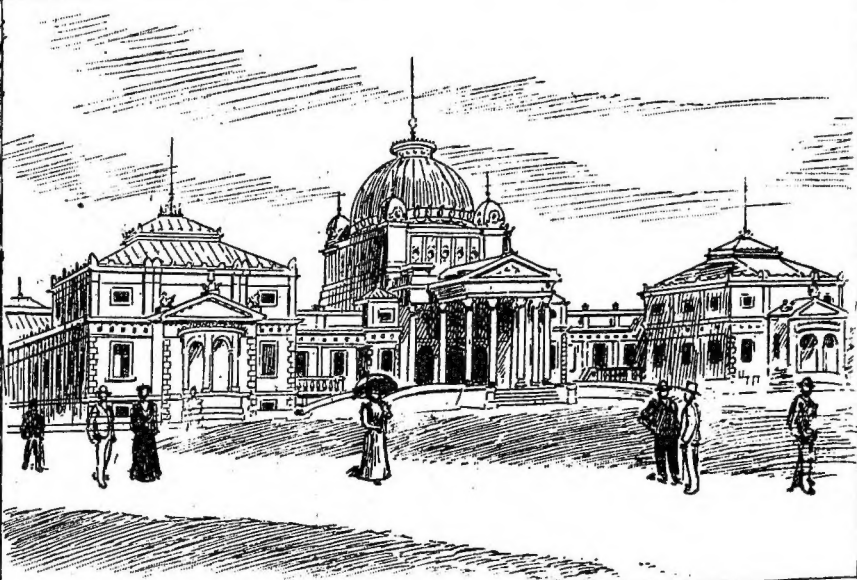
The commercial part of the town is the north-west quarter, which is shown about the centre of our illustration, but of late years a disposition to erect manufactories outside the walls has been evinced. This is notably the case with regard to the large flour mills erected by Messrs. Allatini beyond the White Tower, and the extensive cotton-spinning mills of Messrs. Torres, erected beyond the fortifications at the opposite end of the city.

The view of Salonica from the sea is singularly impressive, and the voyager, upon his first arrival in the bay, cannot fail to be struck by the extent and vastness of the city, which, placed as it is on the acclivity of a steep hill, presents an unbroken panorama to his view. The minarets and domes of the mosques peeping out from a setting of cypresses, the buildings gleaming white in the sun, or partly hidden by flowering shrubs and trails of the Wisteria; the Castle of the Seven Towers crowning the heights of the city, and the purple range of the Calamarian mountains forming the background, make up a picture magnificent both in outline and colour.

The principal buildings of interest at the present time are indicated in our illustration, which is from photographs taken recently by Mr. Edward George Simpson, of Manchester, and not hitherto published.

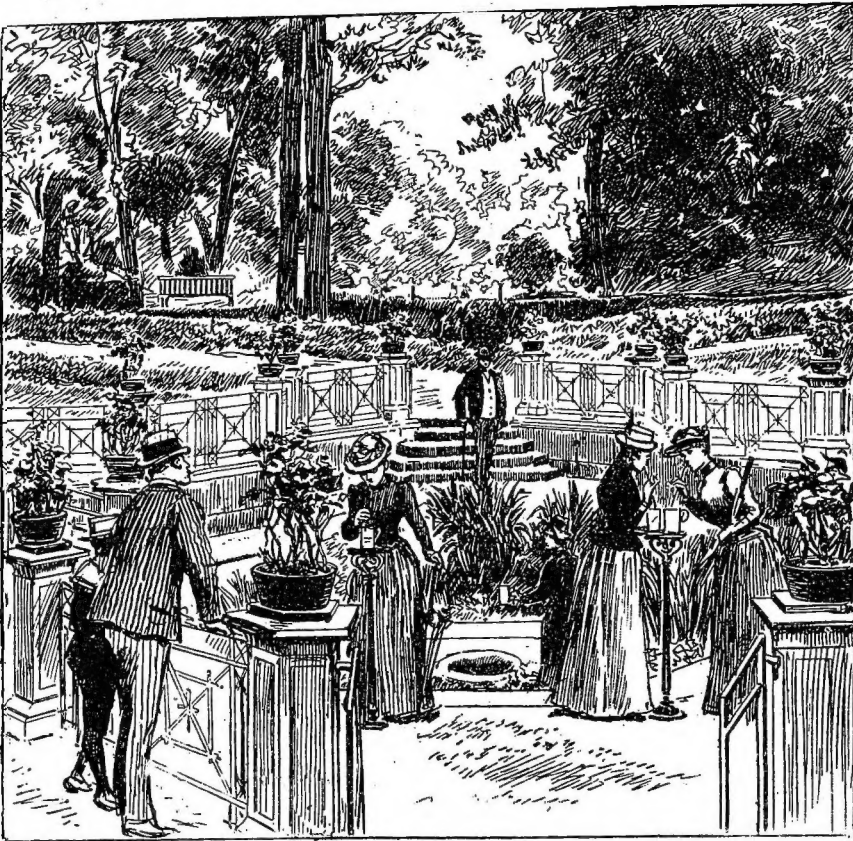
THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES

TORPEDO-BOATS IN A GALE.—Of all those who go down to the sea in ships the most to be pitied are the crew of a torpedo-boat. Even in fair weather these ugly but indispensable vessels are



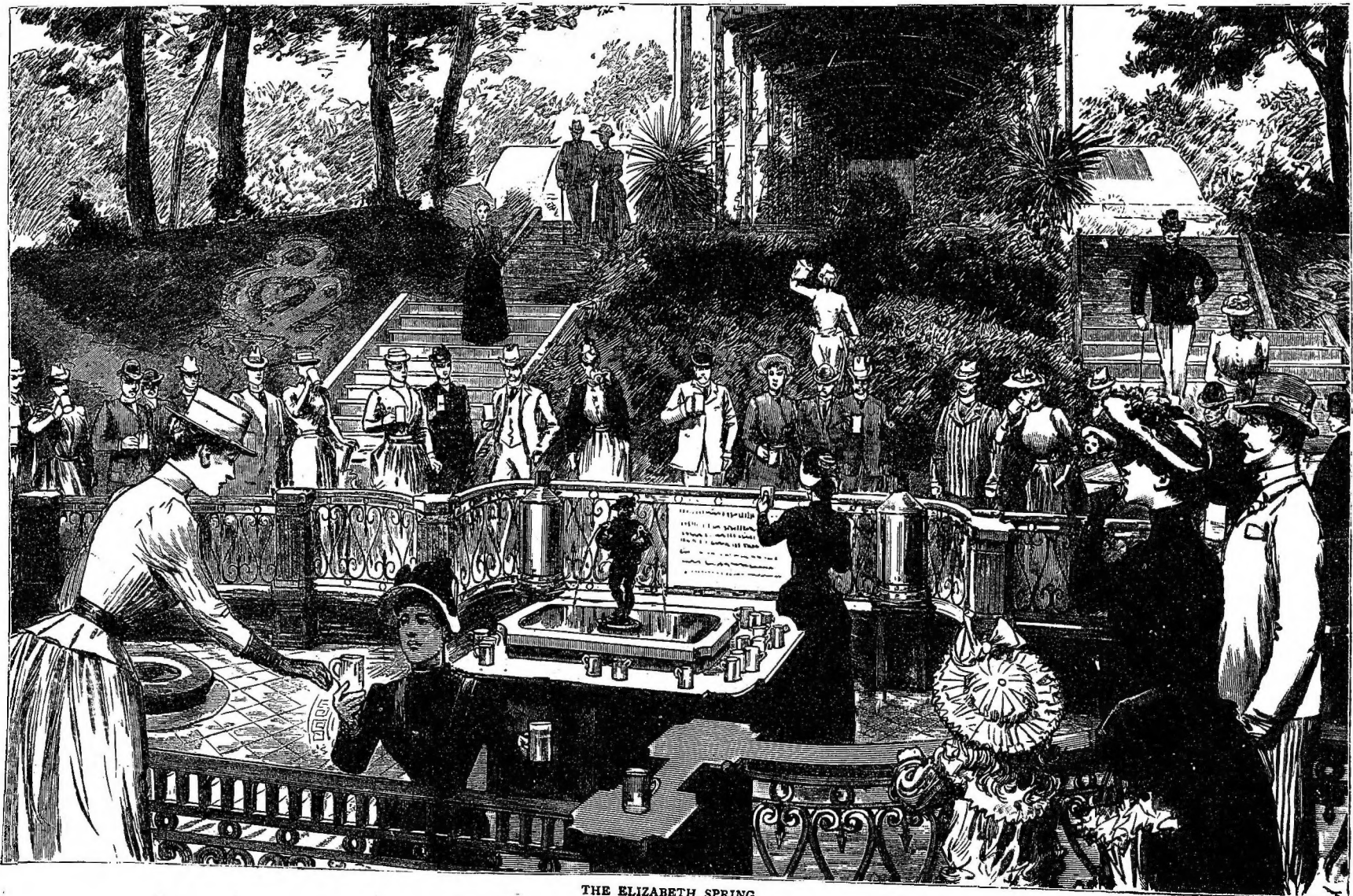
THE VILLA IMPÉRIALE, WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES STAYED DURING HIS RECENT VISIT TO HOMBURG

THE BATHS



THE STAHL SPRING

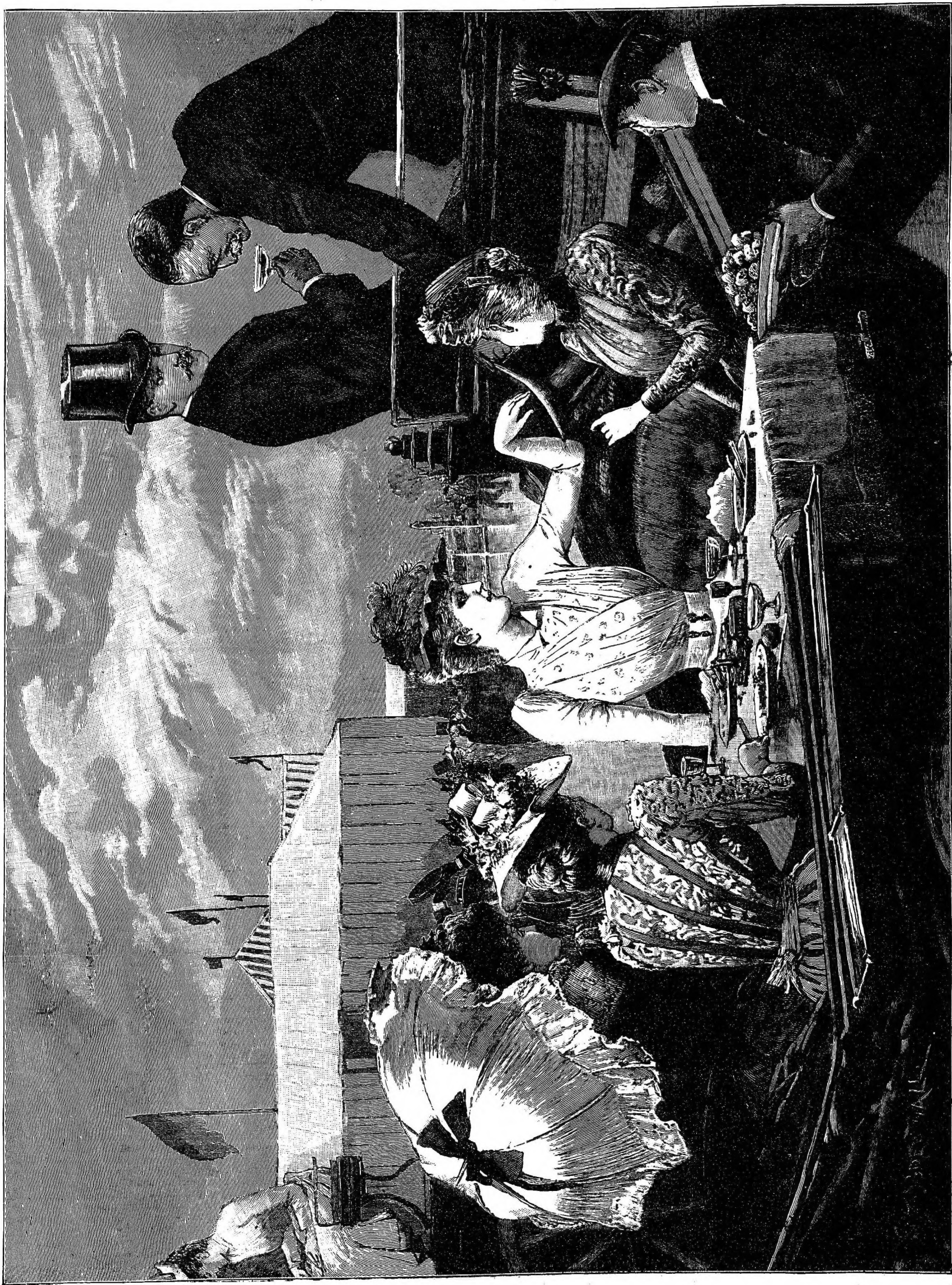
THE LOUISE SPRING



THE ELIZABETH SPRING

THE SEASON AT HOMBURG

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



AT DONCASTER RACES—A SWEEPSTAKE AFTER LUNCH

exceedingly uncomfortable. There is little room below, where the major portion of the space is devoted to the immensely powerful engines; while above they scarcely ever have a clean deck, owing to the tremendous wave thrown up by the bows. Add to this that they are extraordinarily prone to run into one another, and the tale of unpleasantness is complete. If this be so in fair weather, how much worse it must be in foul! It is not difficult to imagine, from the volumes of water which are falling upon the devoted vessel in Mr. Nash's picture, what must be the condition of the unfortunate crew, condemned either to asphyxiation below, or drenching on deck.

WITH THE HOSTILE FLEET.—As everybody knows, the manoeuvres this year resembled the celebrated encounter in which

The Earl of Chatham, with his sword drawn,
Was waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
Was waiting for the Earl of Chatham.

Sir Michael Culme Seymour, commanding the "enemy's" fleet, elected to steam away into the broad Atlantic, and there wait for Sir George Tryon, the British Admiral; while the latter, though longing to be at 'em, did not succeed in the obvious impossibility of catching a fleet, of equal speed to his own, which had twenty-four hours' start of him. The result was that the manoeuvres were absolutely without interest as far as fighting was concerned. On the other hand, Sir Michael Seymour succeeded in establishing what may be a very important fact when we come to a real war, and that is the possibility of coaling in mid-ocean. He arranged beforehand that his colliers should meet him at a point between the Azores and Madeira; and although at first it seemed as though the colliers had missed the rendezvous, the *Arethusa*, which was sent out to search, succeeded in discovering them, and by means of her flash-lights informed the rest of the fleet of their whereabouts. The electric light was very useful also in the coaling operations themselves. By its aid the *Minotaur* coaled all night, and took in 250 tons in twelve and a-half hours. After this feat had been accomplished, the fleet started on its way home, the *Arethusa* being sent ahead with letters.

"URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

A NEW serial story, by S. Baring Gould, M.A., illustrated by Frank Dadd, R.I., is continued on page 289.

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER AT A RAILWAY STATION

See pp. 291 et seqq.

TOBACCO CULTIVATION IN ENGLAND AND SUMATRA

SEE page 298. The English illustrations are from photographs by Geo. H. Owen, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.

A DARKEY DRIVER AT DURBAN

SINCE the discovery of the Transvaal goldfields Durban has become a very important place. It is the nearest coast town to the Rand, and many of the intending gold-seekers come to it by steamer from Cape Town on their way to the El Dorado which they expect to find. Our darkey friend witnesses to their existence in a double way. He is clothed in a sporting white top, and the remnants of a swagger pair of pants which once graced, perhaps, some broken-down "masher" come out to seek his fortune; and the load which is being dragged by his four horses consists of the rum-barrels which have helped, and will help, so many more such immigrants to their ruin. Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Dennis Edwards, Cape Town.

"HISTORICAL FIGURES IN THE ROTUNDA MUSEUM, WOOLWICH COMMON."—These engravings, published last week, were from photographs by Messrs. Schreiber and Dutton, 101, Wellington Street, Woolwich.

NOTE.—"A Dead Man's Diary."—We are requested to state that this work, which we reviewed last week, is not by Mr. G. T. Bettany, who has merely written an introductory preface to the book.



THE LATE CANON LIDDON.—The Church of England has lost in Canon Liddon a signally able champion at once of orthodoxy and of her spiritual independence. He died of syncope on Monday, in his sixty-second year, at Weston-super-Mare, where he was being tended by his sister, Mrs. King—he had never married—after intense suffering from neuralgia. He was a native of Taunton, where his father was a medical man, and had received his earlier education at King's College School, when he was nominated a student of Mr. Gladstone's college, Christ Church, Oxford. There he became intimate with Dr. Pusey, and with the author of the "Christian Year"—though Keble had left Oxford—attaching himself for life to their school of theological thought and ecclesiastical politics. He had gained the Johnson Theological Scholarship when he was ordained by Bishop Wilberforce, who was so impressed by his ability as to appoint him in his twenty-sixth year Vice-President of Cuddesdon College, which the Bishop had established as a seminary for young clergymen. He next became examining chaplain to Dr. Hamilton, Bishop of Salisbury, who in 1864 gave him a stall in that Cathedral. In the preceding year he had been appointed Select Preacher to the University of Oxford, and his fame as a preacher was soon established. In 1866 he became Bampton Lecturer, and chose for his subject "The Divinity of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." The volume in which his lectures were published attracted great attention as a skilful rejoinder, to the higher Continental scepticism of the age. In the year of his Bampton Lectures he was chosen a member of the Hebdomadal Council at Oxford—a position which he retained till 1875, developing in politics a Liberalism like that of his friend Mr. Gladstone, whilst he was recognised as one of the most strenuous leaders of the High Church party. For twelve years from 1870 he was Dean Ireland's Professor of Exegesis, and his prelections were attended by crowds of eager listeners. He had been known in London, through his Lenten lectures at St. James's, as an eloquent preacher of both great grasp and subtlety, always keeping abreast of contemporary Continental speculation, the methods and results of which he delighted to assail, when, consequently on his appointment in 1870 to be a Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, he became, by his sermons in the Metropolitan Cathedral, known to far vaster, and appreciated by more popular, audiences than any which he had ever previously addressed. In the Gladstonian denunciations of Turkey, which followed on the so-called "Bulgarian atrocities," Dr. Liddon, as he had become, was prominent, his antipathy to Turkey being strengthened by the strong sympathy which, in common with Churchmen of his school, he felt with Greek Christianity. The episode of the spectacle of a Christian impaled by Turks, which he and his friend Canon Maccoll

believed that they had witnessed during their tour in European Turkey, is still remembered. On many occasions Dr. Liddon attacked the supremacy of the State in things ecclesiastical. The preference which he avowed for a disestablished and disendowed Church of England over one bound by the decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is understood to have had its weight in inducing him recently to decline the See of St. Albans when for the first time—though he was the friend of Lord Salisbury as well as of Mr. Gladstone—a Bishopric was offered him. Another reason for his refusal may have been his wish to devote himself to reason for his refusal may have been his wish to devote himself to his biography of Dr. Pusey. His last noticeable appearance as a controversialist was in the discussion of the authority of the Old Testament, which arose out of the publication of "Lux Mundi," and in which Dr. Liddon clung to the traditionally orthodox view abandoned by many who are considered sound Churchmen.

THE BISHOP OF RIPON preached on Sunday at Holy Trinity Church, Leeds, morning and evening. In the evening the church was densely crowded, the congregation including a large number of leading members of the British Association, for whom seats had been reserved. His subject was "The Temptation in the Wilderness." "There was surely," the Bishop said, "in the story of the Temptation, teaching which must be of service in the face of difficulties concerning the progress of knowledge. The very mode in which Christ dealt with the Second Temptation (Matthew iv., 6, 7) admitted that it was absolutely within the right and duty of man to examine into the conditions and laws of the physical world in which he lived. Surely, therefore, it was surprising to hear suggestions of conflict between various kinds of knowledge."

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK is President of an influential Committee, which has been formed to erect what is rather strangely styled a "national" memorial to Cardinal Newman. A statue of him in Westminster Abbey is talked of.

THE CONDITION OF THE EAST LONDON CHURCH FUND, the *Record* says, continues to be unsatisfactory. "The diminution of income is reported to reach 1,300*l.*—a deficiency which must occasion the greatest uneasiness to clergy who receive from the Fund grants for clerical or lay assistance." The *Record* hopes that "the East London Fund Sunday, which has been fixed for November 9th, may bring some relief."

THE BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH, presiding at the recent annual Diocesan Conference, was presented with a richly ornamented and costly pastoral staff, the gift of clergy and laity of the Diocese, to be so to speak, an heir-loom of the See. The cusps round the crook represent the Welsh leek, and on the sides of the base of the crook are figures of sixteen Welsh saints, to whom churches are dedicated in the Diocese.

CARDINAL MANNING, in a letter to the Hon. Secretary of the Church of England Burial Reform Association, pronounces its object to be "very reasonable and wholesome." "The excesses of costliness," the Cardinal adds, "rarely come under my notice, by reason of the poverty of my people, but from the published descriptions they would appear to be both burdensome and unmeaning."

THE REV. DR. ADLER, the Acting Chief Rabbi, consecrating on Sunday a new synagogue at Brook Green, Hammersmith, in the course of his sermon referred in pathetic language, to the cruel persecution of the Russian Jews, which, in spite of official assurances to the contrary, is driving them in thousands from South Russia towards England and America.

THE SHOEBOURNESS "QUEEN'S PRIZEMAN"

THE National Artillery Association, which held its annual meeting at Shoeboresness last month, has, like the National Rifle Association, a "Queen's Prize" among the guerdons in its gift. Unlike the Bisley prize, however, this is awarded to a detachment instead of an individual, so that there are in reality nine Queen's prizemen instead of one. However, the title is, by courtesy, bestowed on the gunner occupying the important position of No. 1 in the detachment. On this occasion the prize, which is of the



SERGEANT BENFIELD
First City of London Artillery

value of 100*l.*, and consists of a handsome silver cup to the winning brigade or corps, nine silver cups and Association badges, to the men composing the detachment, and 10*l.* to the "No. 1," went to the Ninth Detachment of the First City of London Corps, the "No. 1" of which was Sergeant Benfield. The gallant Sergeant could not be found when the victory of his team was announced, and consequently the usual "chairing" of the victor, a practice which is as religiously observed at Shoeboresness as at Bisley, did not take place.—Our portrait is from a photograph by A. and G. Taylor, 70 and 78, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

EYRAUD, the alleged murderer of M. Gouffé, is drawing up his memoirs in prison. One of the warders who has a taste that way is illustrating the text. The prisoner has indicated the relative positions of the victim, of himself, and of Gabrielle Bompard. The latter is playfully putting the noose round Gouffé's neck, and Eyraud is behind. Gabrielle's prison food costs nearly ten francs a day. It includes a pint bottle of cheap champagne at her dinner. The prison rules allow any kind of wine, and Mlle. Bompard finds that champagne takes away low spirits. Eyraud's food is very plain, consisting mostly of boiled beef and vegetables, with a "demi-setier," or half a pint of common red wine, at each meal.

COLD-BLOODED PETS

'Tis a common belief that reptiles, fishes, toads *et hoc genus omne*, being cold-blooded creatures, have no character nor moral qualities whatever; that they are uninteresting in their social habits, and that they do nothing but cause a shudder in him who suddenly beholds them. But to the intelligent observer who studies these animals during their life, it is evident that there never was a greater mistake. To him who has no feeling of aversion to harmless little reptiles and amphibians, there is much quiet amusement to be found in watching them. A few green tree-frogs in a fern-case, for instance, afford much delight to their owner. Introduce some flies among them, and watch the way they catch them. A fly has settled on the glass, and is engaged in that operation of washing her face with her feet which seems to afford such comfort to a fly whose feelings have been ruffled in any way. Froggy suddenly becomes aware of her presence. He sits still and gazes for a short time at her with an air of surprise. Then he gets cautiously approaches, with stealthy strides, like a cat. He gets within range, the fly becomes suspicious, and stops her ablutions. A sudden spring with his long hind-legs, an almost imperceptible flash of his ready tongue, and the fly has disappeared, and never knows what happened to her. But sometimes the frog is not so skilful or fortunate. He makes his spring, but, instead of striking the fly, he hits the glass with his tongue. Bitter disappointment—instead of the delicate fly he tastes his clammy wall. He slowly withdraws his tongue and drops to the ground with all the appearance of a disappointed frog. More amusing is it if your frog is so tame that he is not nervous when in your hand. You may then put him on the dinner-table and watch him hunt the flies all over it.

The toad, though not so handsome, is as easily tamed as the tree-frog. This poor creature, maligned by everyone, from Shake-speare downwards, is in reality as inoffensive and unassuming as possible. He asks for no more than toleration, and he rarely gets even that. He is a model of retiring modesty. He does not obtrude himself upon you, as the more go-ahead frog does. He seeks for himself some quiet hole in the ground where he can hide from the world, and only ventures forth at night to do good works, for he largely helps the gardener by destroying insects. He never bites, nor does he scratch. His weapons of offence are none, and he has but one means of defence. He can cause an unpleasant liquid to exude from the pores of his skin, which speedily makes any animal drop him from its mouth, and he thereby helps to inculcate the lesson that appearances are deceitful, or, in other words, that toads are not a species of rat. And because he secludes himself from a wicked and unkind world, the meditative toad is put down as venomous and loathsome.

The common toad, or paddock, has in England a cousin known as the natterjack, a more worldly and superficial reptile. His manner of dress is not so unassuming as the other's. He wears a yellow stripe down the centre of the back, and in this rather loud attire delights to run about in the sunlight instead of seeking retirement like his more seriously-minded relative. He will trot nimbly across the lawn and snap at the flies and bees and beetles which he sees, instead of elevating his thoughts and waiting quietly for what food the gods may send within his range of vision. On account of his forward nature, some people prefer him to his cousin, but only people who are not able to appreciate the depth of mind which that cousin possesses. The toads are the sages of the reptilian and batrachian world, and should be treated with the respect due to sages. It is something for the owner of one to be proud of, that he possesses the accumulated wisdom of these cold-blooded races. The stories of toads being found immured in rocks and trees is easy to be believed. Of course, they have long ago discovered the secret of living without food or air, and of rejuvenation. They have not wasted their meditations upon nothing. The great secrets which philosophers have spent years to try and discover have doubtless been revealed to the sagacious mind of the toads, who have made use of them.

Somewhat resembling *Dryfo* in mind, though more brilliantly clothed, is the spotted salamander of Europe. Though he has not the agility of the frog, he possesses great perseverance, and doggedly sticks to his prey till the end. Flies are difficult for him to catch, but still he sometimes does so, and makes leaps, wonderful for his nature, in their pursuit. Observe him with that worm. He approaches it; he bends his orange-and-black head so as to better observe it. He scans it closely. "It is undoubtedly a worm," he seems to say; "I wonder if it is a good worm. I wish it would move. It might be dead, and I couldn't eat a dead one; anyhow, I'll have a try." And then he makes a sudden and vigorous plunge, and opens his very capacious jaws and seizes the worm tightly by the middle—unless, indeed, he seizes a piece of moss or a twig by mistake, for he does not aim well. And then the worm wriggles with a vengeance, and twines its yielding form around its captor's broad nose. And that gentleman raises one stumpy hand and scrapes the worm down, and gulps, and bites, and shakes it until he has got one end into his mouth; and then, bit by bit, and bite by bite, the doomed annelid disappears, until, with one mighty hiccup, it vanishes for ever from sight, the fat amphibian blinking his eyes and scratching the dirt off his nose with his foot, and settling down to rest after his exertions.

The lizards proper, much more delicate, more active, and more timid, are also worthy of attention. They are not given to philosophy, their turn of mind is light and witty, and they are rather sharp-tempered. The little common lizard will fiercely bite the hand of its catcher, though of course it cannot pierce the skin, and the large green Jersey lizard is often very spiteful to smaller reptiles in his case. He will bully the little lizards to death; he will bite off the end of the salamander's tail, and will, purposely, I am convinced, mistake the thin end of a slow-worm for a grub. The said slow-worms, those most snake-like of lizards, are very easily kept as pets. Worms and slugs to eat, water to drink, and moss and soft earth to burrow in are all that they require. The very young slow-worms, little creamy-white, innocent-looking creatures, in appearance quite different to their parents, are charming. To see one solemnly fix his teeth in the back of a large slug, and be dragged by that slimy mollusc half-way up the side of his case is delightful. They live for years in captivity, grow very tame and very fat, and are never sick or sorry. They can be easily persuaded to take the juicy slug or the luscious worm from their master's hand—that is if the master has no objection.

The snakes, too—the harmless English grass-snakes—are interesting, and present widely-differing characters. Some eat heartily, others refuse to touch a morsel; some are very tame and docile, others very passionate, and hiss to an appalling extent if handled. Their great disadvantages as pets are—firstly, that they insist on nothing but live frogs for food; and, secondly, that it is nearly impossible to prevent them escaping, and earning the house an evil name by their wanderings in the neighbourhood.

I am sure that if people knew how interesting, ornamental, and easily-kept most of these creatures are, they would more frequently have them. There are many more worthy of mention than there is time may come when tree-frogs will be as common in houses as canary-birds, when tortoises will warm themselves before the fire along with the domestic cat, when the master of the house will be greeted on his return home by the hissing of favourite snakes, and when reptile-houses will be as frequent in gentlemen's establishments as conservatories.

T. F. C.



UNVEILING THE QUEEN'S STATUE IN JERSEY



THE TURF—More interest than ever was taken in the St. Leger this year. The great Doncaster race always has a particular attraction for the sportsman, inasmuch as it usually decides the question of three-year-old supremacy left unsettled by earlier races. But on this occasion there were such a number of points to be settled. Would Sainfoin repeat his Epsom victory, or would Surefoot reassert his former supremacy? Would Memoir, the Oaks victress, once more carry off the event for the lucky Duke of Portland, in spite of her recent accident? Would none of these be successful, but some less famous colt such as Heaume, St. Serf, or Queen's Birthday? All these questions and many more were answered on Wednesday. There were fifteen runners, and the pace was made a very hot one, in the hopes of finding out the weak points in the non-stayers. Heaume, St. Serf, and Surefoot were soon found out, and Queen's Birthday, which had so suddenly come into prominence, fared no better. In the end it was Memoir, who, in spite of the stoppage in her training, came to the front, and won a capital race from the Duke of Westminster's Blue Green, and so secured for the Duke of Portland his second consecutive St. Leger. Gonsalvo was third. Of the other races at Doncaster we may mention the Great Yorkshire Handicap, which Silver Spur placed, like the "Ebor," to Mr. Charlton's account, and the Champagne Stakes, won by Baron de Rothschild's Haute Saone.

Meanwhile, the official handicapper's opinion of three-year-old merits was proved last week, on the publication of the weights for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. In Major Egerston's opinion, Lord Hartington's Morion is the best colt of his year, and in the Cesarewitch he is set to give the Derby winner three pounds. The honour of top-weight (9 st. 2 lbs.) is shared by the four five-year-olds—Sheen, Trayles, Tyrant, and Father Confessor. The Cambridgeshire weights are headed by the French horse, Le Sancy, but as he is said to have left the Turf for the stud, the imposts of the next three, The Rejected (9 st. 2 lbs.), Snaplock (9 st. 2 lbs.), and Tyrant (9 st.) are of more public interest. Twenty to one has been taken about Fitzhampton (8 st.) and Galway (7 st. 6 lbs.) for the Cesarewitch, and about Signorina (8 st. 8 lbs.) and Surefoot (8 st. 12 lbs.) for the shorter event.

Morion added to his reputation at Derby by a clever win in the Breeders' St. Leger. This was the colt's seventh successive victory. The Devonshire Nursery Handicap fell to Lord Dunraven's Inverness (from a field of nineteen), and the Hartington Handicap Plate to Mr. Maple's The Gloamin'. At Sandown Park Colonel North's lucky star was in the ascendant, for he secured two of the principal races—the Michaelmas Stakes with Arturo, and the Sandown Nursery Stakes with Nitrate Queen. Tommy Loates had his hundredth winning mount this season on Ellerton in the Railway All-Aged Plate, and R. Chaloner won a splendid race on Tudor in the Abbey Stakes.

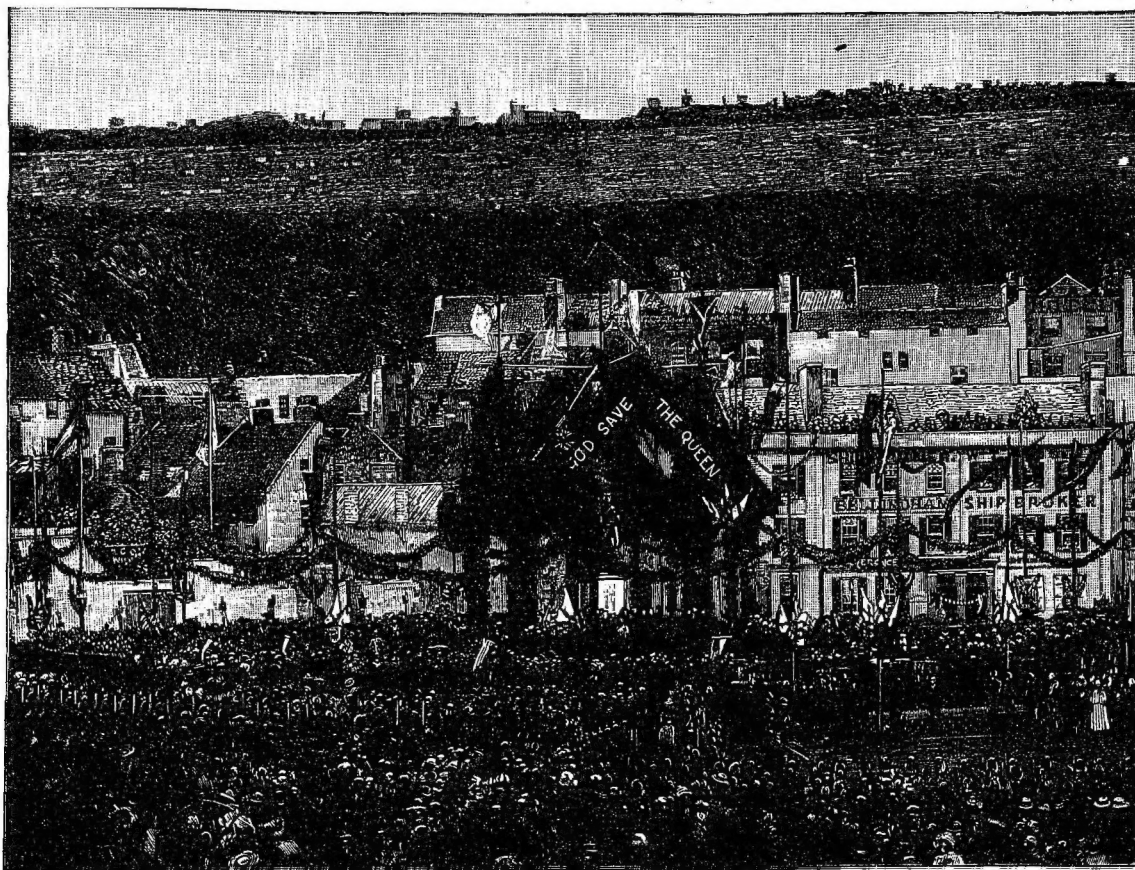
CRICKET—The Australians were very successful last week, mainly owing to the bad wickets, which enabled their good bowling to "come off," and just suited their plucky if inelegant batting. At the new Headingley Ground, Leeds, they defeated a North of England Eleven by 160 runs; and at Scarborough they beat the very powerful eleven got together by Lord Londesborough by the narrow margin of eight runs, Messrs. Woods and McGregor making a plucky effort to save the game. In the two matches Briggs took twenty-seven wickets for 172 runs, and Turner twenty-two for 127, while Ferris, who has taken two hundred wickets this season, captured sixteen for 142. There was a very different state of things this week at Lord's, when, despite all that Turner and Ferris could do, the M.C.C. Eleven knocked up 372 (Gunn 118, Mr. T. C. O'Brien 105). To this the Colonists replied with 291 (J. J. Lyons 99), but they were eventually beaten by four wickets. The Brothers Christopherson, on Saturday, played their annual match against the Blackheath Club, and put together 257 for six wickets (Stanley C. 88, Kenneth C. 85), but they failed to get the Club out in time.

LAWN TENNIS—At the Brighton Tournament the Sussex Challenge Cup was won by Mr. W. Baddeley, who beat Mr. H. A. B. Chapman in the Championship round; Miss M. Langrishe retained possession of the Ladies' Challenge Shield; and Mr. Pearson was to the fore in both the Veteran's events, Mr. Hart being his partner in the Doubles. This week the venue has changed to Eastbourne, where the South of England Tournament is in progress.

CYCLING—More "records" have gone to the wall since we last wrote. C. A. Smith has ridden from Piccadilly to Brighton and back in 6 hours 52 min. 10 secs., nearly an hour less than the late Jem Selby's celebrated coach time; F. J. B. Archer has lowered the five miles' "Ordinary" time to 13 min. 53 4-5th sec.; and E. Leitch has beaten the three-quarter mile record by 3-5th sec. This fractional business, however, is becoming an absurdity.

MISCELLANEOUS—The football season may be said to have fairly begun last Saturday, when ten of the twelve League clubs were engaged. The victories of Derby County over Blackburn Rovers, and of Wolverhampton Wanderers over Aston Villa, are worthy of notice.—The Chess Masters' Tournament at Manchester ended on Monday. The first prize (80*l.*) went to Dr. Tarrasch (Nuremberg), with a score of 15½; the second (60*l.*) to Mr. J. H. Blackburne, 12½; while 90*l.* was divided between Mr. Bird and Captain Mackenzie, 12 each.—At golf Andrew Kirkcaldy, of St. Andrews, beat Willie Park, of Musselburgh, the Champion.—The 500 Yards Amateur Swimming Championship was won on Saturday by W. Evans, of the Manchester Swan Club, who is also Half-Mile and Salt-Water Champion of England.—In the Three Miles Inter-Club Race at Tufnell Park A. C. Sports, on Saturday, W. H. Morton and E. W. Parry, of the Salford Harriers, finished first and second; but the Spartan Harriers were the best team.

ST. HELIER was *en fête* on Wednesday last week, when this statue, of which we have already given an illustration, was unveiled in the Weighbridge Gardens. The day, which was observed as a general holiday, broke beautifully fine, and all Jersey swarmed into the town, which was gaily decorated for the occasion. The proceedings began with a procession, at the head of which rode the Lieut.-Governor, Lieut.-General C. B. Ewart, C.B., with his Staff, followed by the Bailiff, Sir George Bertram, the Constable, Mr. Philip Baudains, the Jurats, the Dean, the Rectors, and other members of the States Assembly in their robes of office. The route was kept by the men of the South Lancashire Regiment, assisted by a number of special constables enrolled for the occasion, while the Jersey militia formed a guard of honour at the entrance of the gardens. On the arrival of the procession the Constable, in a short speech, confided the statue to the care of the States. The Bailiff replied, accepting the responsibility, and called upon the Lieut.-Governor to unveil it. In doing so General Ewart referred with much pride to the unanimous feeling of loyalty existing in this, the last remaining corner of the old Duchy of Normandy. A Royal salute was then fired from Fort George and St. Elizabeth's Castle, the echoes of which were drowned in the three hearty cheers given for the Queen. The procession, having been reformed, proceeded to



THE UNVEILING CEREMONY

the Town Hall, where luncheon was served, and the rest of the day was devoted to sports, illuminations, and fireworks.—Our illustration is from a photograph by Tynan Bros., 41, Bath Street, Jersey.

A UNIFORM similar to that worn by British sailors is about to be introduced into the German navy.

THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF JOHN WESLEY'S DEATH is to be duly observed. An endeavour will be made to raise a sum sufficient to provide an endowment of 200*l.* a year for the City Road Chapel, which is even now a kind of memorial of the Wesleys.

THE TOWN COMMISSIONERS OF TUAM have unanimously resolved to print all the advertisements issued under their authority in the Irish, as well as in the English, tongue. There are in the districts in which the local journals circulate very many Irish-speaking people, and, therefore, there is a national justification for the step.

A FRENCH NEWSPAPER gives an account of a certain "Père Cailleux," who is alleged to be the real inventor of the Pan-Celtic League idea. Cailleux used to maintain that Homer was a Celt, and that the "Iliad" was played out on the shores of the British Channel, and that the fights described took place around Folkestone. In proof of this statement he pointed out that Homer speaks of the tides in the sea, and that the Mediterranean is a tideless sea.

THE *Indian Mirror* says that a party of Calcutta Hindoos is preparing to visit England during the ensuing Durga Pujah (or Dusserah) holidays. They will retain the Hindoo dress and the Hindoo dietary. They will lodge and board as Hindoos, and have Brahmin cooks to prepare their meals while crossing the seas, and while they are in England. They will be orthodox Hindoos still. By means of advertisements in the principal newspapers in the country, it may be easily ascertained who are willing to join this orthodox Hindoo tourist party to England.

"MEAT EXTRACT."—It is constantly stated that old horses are exported to the Continent for the purpose of, being turned into this substance. An inquiry recently set on foot by "Bovril, Limited," proves, however, that this statement is without foundation. Old horses are, it appears, too expensive for this purpose. They fetch, in Belgium, from 5*l.* to 12*l.*, and are used to furnish the horse-butcher's shops with fresh meat for sale, or are turned into "Saucissons de Boulogne." "Meat extract," on the contrary, is made from prairie-raised pasture-fed beeves of South America and Australia, which can be procured at a lower rate than old horses.

BLIND PERSONS frequently experience great difficulty in maintaining themselves after leaving the institutions in which they have been educated. Dr. T. R. Armitage, M.D., and some other well-known friends of the sightless, have been considering the question, and, in the report which they presented at the recent Conference at the Royal Normal College, suggest that these institutions should do their best to assist their pupils in after-life by finding them employment, by keeping a register in which their names, qualifications, and whereabouts may be inscribed, and by raising a fund for the purpose of assisting those who may be in want. It is very much to be hoped that these objects may be realised.

IN THE BANKRUPTCY COURT a receiving order was made on Tuesday against the notorious Mr. Leslie Duncan, proprietor and editor of the *Matrimonial News*, recently mulcted in 10,000*l.* damages in the action for breach of promise of marriage brought against him by Miss Knowles, who was the petitioning creditor. The debtor was not present, and it is understood has left the country. He was described as "of Walton Street, Grosvenor Place; the Strand; and Grey Court, Ham, journalist."

MR. L. TENNYSON D'EYNCOURT, the senior Metropolitan Police Magistrate, for the last thirteen years one of the Magistrates at Westminster Police Court, has, in consequence of advanced age, tendered his resignation to the Home Secretary. Called to the bar in 1840, he was appointed in 1851 a Magistrate of the Worship Street Police Court. His portrait was published in *The Graphic*, with those of the other Metropolitan Magistrates, on April 5th this year.

MORE ZEAL THAN DISCRETION is exhibited by some of the promoters of the fund now being raised to enable Mr. John Burns to devote his time to agitation.

The Woolwich Police-magistrate has been called on to adjudicate in a case in which one member of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers complained of having been assaulted by another, who belonged also to the Social Democratic Federation. The prosecutor being asked by the defendant to subscribe to the John Burns Wages Fund, declined, on the ground that Mr. Burns had never done anything for him. Subsequently the defendant produced a card denouncing those who would not aid the movement, and threatened to place complainant's name on the list. Ultimately the defendant committed on the prosecutor an assault, for which the magistrate bound him over to keep the peace, ordering him to pay 10*s.* costs.

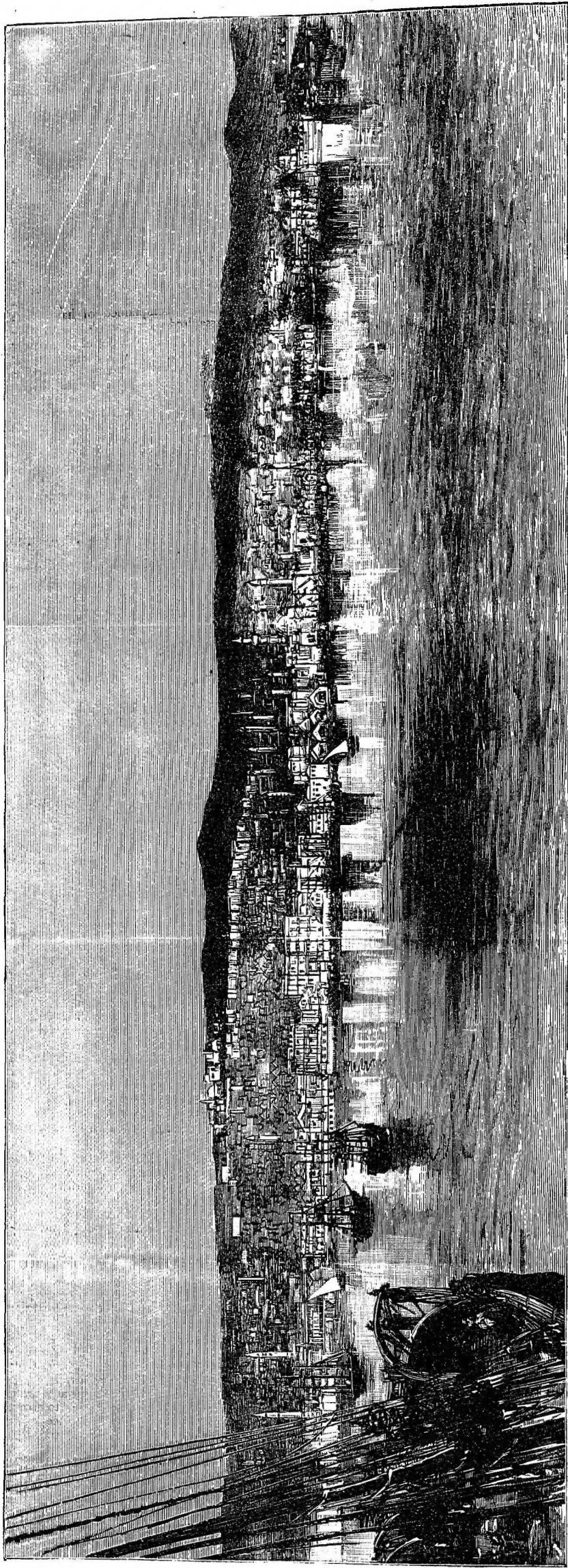
IN HER ANXIETY TO FREE HER DOG from the restraint imposed by a ruthless police-ukase, a lady residing in Earl's Court Road went considerably too far. On a park-keeper pointing out to her that her dog was in Kensington Gardens without a muzzle, she struck him on the shoulder with her umbrella a blow so violent as to produce a weal which rendered it desirable for him to consult a doctor. On being asked for her name and address, she not only refused both, but added insult to injury by threatening to call a constable. The Marlborough Street magistrate told her that she had rendered herself liable to six months' imprisonment, and ordered her to pay 20*s.* with 2*s.* costs for having her dog unmuzzled, and 10*s.* with 2*s.* costs for assaulting the park-keeper, with the alternative of a month's imprisonment.

THE KEEPERS OF LONDON BOARDING-HOUSES of what the police reports have been calling a "superior class" may learn a lesson from the story, as told this week, in the Marylebone Police Court of Mr. Edmond Latour, *alias* Fabian, *alias* De Rossi, who favoured this particular style of establishment with his company, representing himself not only as here an artist and there as a musician, but as an officer in the Austrian Army. He spoke several languages, and on one occasion dazzled some ladies, fellow-inmates of a Bayswater boarding-house, by appearing before them in Hussar uniform. There he stole some valuable pictures, but stopping in a Chelsea lodging-house to appropriate his landlord's habiliments, he was arrested, and has since been suspected of stealing from a fashionable hotel in South Kensington a violin worth 20*l.*, which was pawned for 8*l.* He refused to divulge his identity, and nothing was known of him at the Austrian Consulate. Two thefts having been clearly proved against him, the "accomplished foreigner" was sentenced to the heaviest punishment which the magistrate could inflict, twelve months' hard labour, being six months for each of the two offences.

TWO LOCAL LEADERS, one female, the other male, of the Salvation Army, have been prosecuted at the Eastbourne Sessions by a householder of that town, who had been annoyed by their street-singing in front of his residence, in contravention of the Borough By-Laws. The Justices refused to convict, because the singing had not been repeated after the officer in command, "Captain Elizabeth Goss," was ordered to "move on."

IT is said that the Emperor William and his brother, Prince Henry, have turned painters, and, having produced landscapes of Norway, have duly signed the canvases and decorated the wall of the smoking-room with them in the yacht *Hohenzollern*.

THE GENERAL COMMITTEE of the British Association have, on the motion of Lord Rayleigh, seconded by Professor Glaisher, elected Dr. Huggins, the eminent astronomer, specially renowned for his successful application of the spectroscope to astronomy, to be President of the Association at its meeting next year at Cardiff. On the motion of Sir William Thomson it was also agreed to accept the invitation from Edinburgh to hold in that city the meeting of the Association in 1892.—The later proceedings of the Association included a discussion at a joint-meeting of the Geographical and Economic Science Sections, on a subject of general if decidedly remote interest—the area of the lands of the globe still available for European settlement. The discussion was initiated by Mr. Ravenstein, well known as a geographer, and the conclusion which he arrived at was the following. On the supposition that this earth of ours would sustain 5,994,000,000 people, and that we were improvident enough to go on increasing every year at the rate of 8 per cent., suppositions which he had previously pronounced to be plausible, the earth would be full in 182 years, which he considered to be a very moderate estimate. Commenting on this statement, the distinguished President of the Economic Section, Professor Alfred Marshall, said that there was scarcely any aspect of the problem of which they knew anything, and when they had found out their facts they would still be troubled with the question:—Supposing we are careful not to over-populate, how are we to be sure that other peoples will be as careful not to over-populate the world?



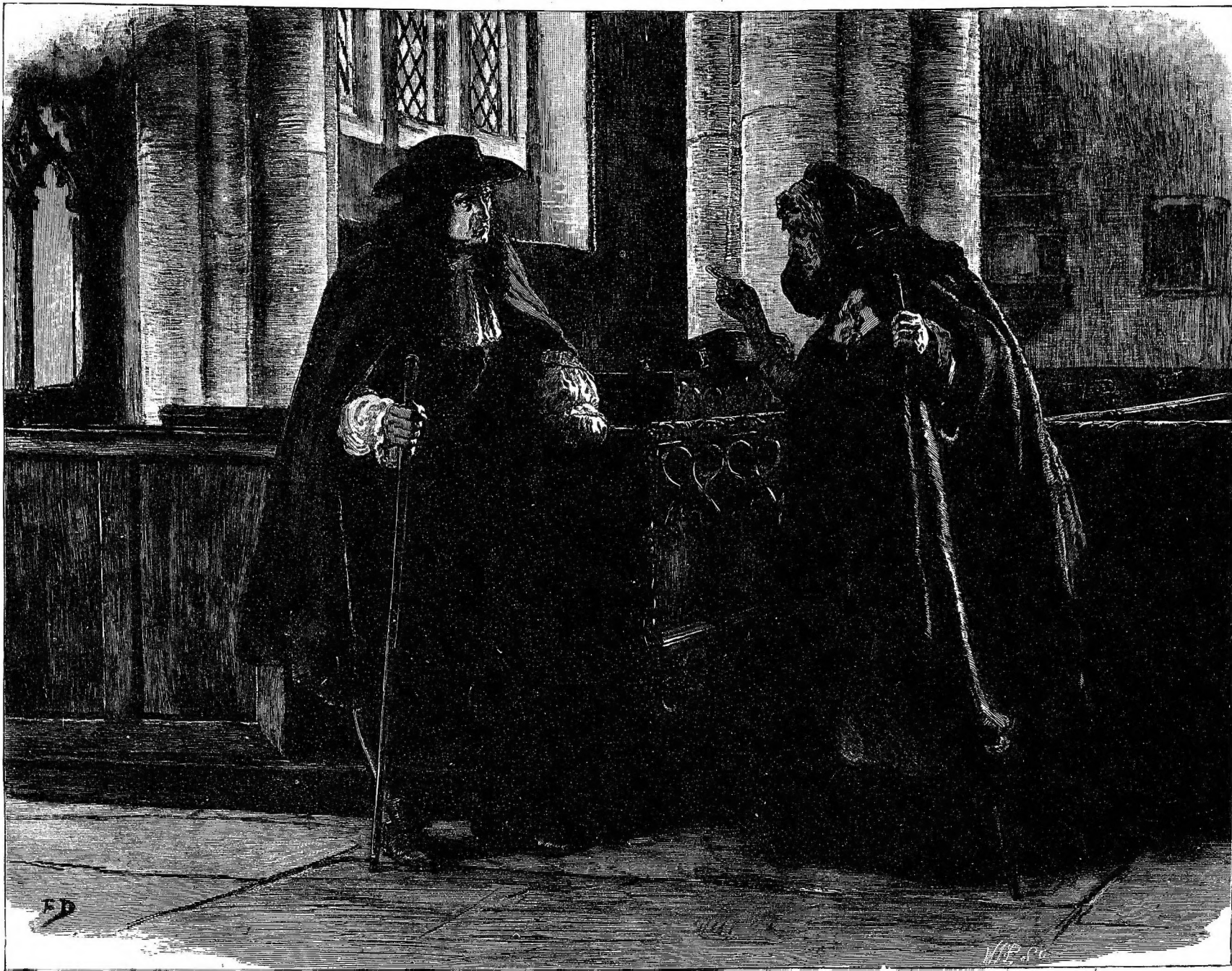
THE FIRE AT SALONICA—VIEW OF THE TOWN FROM THE SEA



THE FLEET SIGNALLING WITH THE ELECTRIC SEARCH LIGHT TO THE COLLIERIES
AND CRUISERS AT A DISTANCE OF FORTY MILES



H.M.S. "ARETHUSA" HOMEWARD BOUND WITH THE MAILED
THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES—WITH THE HOSTILE FLEET



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

"You made a wreck of her life, and now your own child spurns you."

"URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

By S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," "COURT ROYAL," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

FIXED

SQUIRE CLEVERDON gave no token of relenting towards his son. Bessie had her brother's interests so at heart that she ventured, without sufficient tact, to approach him on the subject, but was roughly repelled. The old man was irritated when she spoke, and irritated when she was silent; for then her eyes appealed to him in behalf of Anthony. The father held out, believing that by so doing he would break down Anthony's resolution. He did not believe in the power of love, for he had never experienced love. His son had taken a fancy, a perverse fancy for this Urith, as a child might take a fancy for a new toy. When the lad had had time to feel how ill it was to be an exile from his father's house, without money, without authority over serving-men, hampered and clipped in every direction and all sides, he would come to a better sense, laugh at his folly, and return to obedience to his father and to the suit for Julian Crymes and Kilworthy.

His heart overflowed with gall against Urith. The thought of having a poor daughter-in-law could never have been other than distasteful to him, when he had set his mind on the wealthy Julian; but there were special reasons which made the acceptance of Urith impossible to him. She was the daughter of the man over whom he had gained a triumph in the eyes of the world, but it was a triumph full of shame and vexation inwardly. It was due to that man that his married life had been one of almost intolerable wretchedness. Not for a moment did he consider himself to blame in the matter; he cast all the responsibility for his unhappiness on Richard Malvine; on him he heaped all the hate that flamed out of envy at the personal superiority of the latter, jealousy because he had won the heart of his wife, and held it so firm that he—Anthony Cleverdon—had never been able to disengage it and attach it to himself; revenge for all the slights and insults he had received from her unsparing, barbed tongue, slights and insults she had known well how to administer, so as to leave rankling wounds which no time would heal. Even now, as he brooded over his quarrel with Anthony, the sneers, the mockery she had launched at him for his meanness, his pride, his ambition, rose up fresh in his memory charged with new poison, and rankled in him again. But he did not feel anger against his dead wife for that, but against him who had used her as his instrument for torturing him; and as Richard Malvine was dead, he could but retaliate on his daughter.

Old Cleverdon attributed the worst motives to Urith. Margaret Penrose had married him for his money, and, naturally, Urith Malvine

compassed the capture of Anthony, his son, for the same reason; he did not see how he involved himself in contradiction in that he charged Urith with her attempt to become the wife of his son for the sake of his wealth, as if it were a deadly crime, whilst he himself acted on no other motive than ambition and money-greed. She had entangled the young fellow in her net, and he would tear this net to pieces and release him. He would break down his son's opposition. He was not one to be defeated in what he took in hand, and no better means could be chosen by him for his purpose than making Anthony feel what poverty and banishment signified. Anthony had hitherto had at command what money he needed, and now to be with empty pockets would speedily bring him to reason. To attempt gentle means with his son never occurred to him; he had been accustomed to command, not to persuade. He became harder, more reserved, and colder than before; and Bessie in vain looked for a gentle light to come into his steely eyes, a quiver to come on his firm-set lips, and a token of yielding to flicker over his inflexible features.

And yet the old man felt the absence of his son, and had little sleep at night thinking of him; but never for one moment did he suppose that he would not in the end triumph over his son's whim, and bring the young man back in submission to his usual place.

Luke had been to Hall to see his uncle, in behalf of, but without the knowledge of, young Anthony.

"Oh! tired of keeping him, are you?" asked the old Squire. "Then turn him out of the parsonage. I shall be the better pleased; so will he be the sooner brought to a right mind."

Nothing was effected by this visit. After it, with bent head, full of thought, Luke took his way to Willsworthy. On entering the house, he found Anthony there, in the hall, with Urith and Uncle Solomon, the latter on the settle smoking, with a table before him on which stood cider. The light from the window was full and strong on the toper's face, showing its blotched complexion. Mr. Gibbs appeared to his best when partially shaded, just as a lady nowadays assumes a gauze veil to soften certain harshnesses in her features.

I saddled my horse and away I did ride
Till I came to an ale-house hard by the road-side,
I called for a glass of ale humming and brown,
And hard by the fireside I sat myself down,
Singing tol-de-rol-de-rol, tol-de-rol-dee,
And I in my pocket had one penny!

Uncle Sol sang in subdued tones till he came to the tol-de-rol! when he drew the pipe from the corner of his mouth and sang aloud, rattling his glass on the table. He was not intoxicated, but

in that happy, hilarious mood which was his wont, even out of his cups.

"Oh, uncle! do be silent," pleaded Urith. "Here comes Mr. Luke, and we want to talk of serious matters, and not of—"

"I in my pocket had one penny!" shouted Uncle Sol, diving into the depths of his pouch and producing the coin in question, which he held out in his open palm; "never got more—never from this confounded place. Squeeze, squeeze, and out comes one penny. Never more. If Anthony can do better with it, let him try. I have done my utmost, toiled and moiled, and at the end of all these years I in my pocket have one penny:—"

I tarried all night, and I parted next day;
Thinks I to myself, I'll be jogging away—

but you won't send me off with in my pocket but one penny?"

"We will not send you off at all, uncle," said Urith. "But here is Master Luke. Let us talk the matter over with seriousness, and without snatches of song."

"I can't help myself, I must sing," said Mr. Gibbs. "You say on, and I will warble to myself. It is your affair rather than mine."

Luke looked at Anthony and Urith, who stood near each other. He folded his hands behind his back, that he might conceal the nervous twitching of his fingers.

"What is it, Anthony?" he asked.

"Luke, we want your help. I know very well that this is early times since the death of Urith's mother; but that cannot be helped. I cannot live on upon you longer. You are poor, and—"

"I grudge you nothing that I have."

"I have a vast appetite. Besides, I like to have money of my own to spend; and I am not like Mr. Solomon Gibbs, who has in his pocket one penny, for I have none."

"I will give you what I can."

"I will not take it, Luke; what I have and spend shall be mine own. So Urith and I will ask you to make us one, and give me a right to a penny or two."

Luke was confounded; this was acting with precipitation, indeed. He quite understood that Squire Cleverdon would not receive Urith as a daughter-in-law with open arms, and that he would oppose such an alliance by all means in his power. Like Anthony, he supposed that the old man's violence of language and threats of disinheritance meant nothing. He would cut off his right hand rather than give up his ambitions set upon his son. But in the end he would yield to the inevitable, if inevitable this were. But this haste of Urith in precipitating the marriage, in disregard to all decency, must incense the old father, and, if anything could do so, drive him to act upon his word.

THE GRAPHIC

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Luke became, it possible, graver; the lines in his face deepened. He withdrew his hands from behind his back. "You are acting with 'Anthony,' said he, 'this will not do. You are acting with your usual hot-headedness. You have angered your father, and must seek reconciliation and the abatement of his wrath, before you take such a step as this.'

"I said so," threw in Urith. "My father never will yield so long as he thinks that I may be brought to change my mind. When he finds that I have taken the irrevocable step, then he will buckle under."

"And is it for the son to bid the father do this?" asked Luke, with some warmth. "No, I will be no party to this," he added, firmly, and set his thin lips together.

"I love her, and she loves me; we cannot live apart. God has made us for each other," said Anthony; "my father can't alter that; it is God's will."

Luke did not meet Anthony's glowing eyes, his were resting on the ground. He thought of his own love, and his own desolate heart. For a moment the bitterness therein overflowed; he looked up sharply, to speak sharply, and then his eyes fell on the two young things—Anthony big, sturdy, wondrously handsome, and full of joyous life, and at his side Urith, in her almost masculine and sullen beauty. Yes, they were as though made for each other—the bright, light temper to be conjoined to the dark and sombre one, each qualifying, correcting the deficiencies in the other, each in some sort supplementing the deficiencies in the other. The harsh words that were on his lips remained unspoken. On the settle Uncle Sol was murmuring his tune to himself, every now and then breaking forth into a louder gush of song, and then at once suppressing it again.

Perhaps it was God's will that these two should belong to each other; perhaps the old hostility, and wrath, and envy that had embittered the lives of their several parents were to be atoned for by the mutual love of the children. Luke was too true a Christian to believe that the words of hate that had shot like fire-coals from a volcano out of the mouth of Madam Malvine, when dying, could avail aught now. In the better light into which she had passed, as he trusted, in the world of clearer vision and extinguished animosity, of all-enwrapping charity, she must, with inner anguish, repent, and desire to have unsaid those terrible words. The dying utterances of the woman did not weigh with Luke, or, if they had any weight, it was to turn the scale against them. No better comfort to the soul of the dead could be given than the certainty that those words had been reversed and cast aside. Luke passed his hands over his brow, and then said, "I will see your father again, Anthony."

"That will avail nothing; you have spoken with him already. I tell you he will not alter till he sees that his present conduct does not affect me. What can he say or do after I am married? He may, indeed, cut me off with a shilling; but he will not do that. He loves me too well. He is too proud of having founded a family to slay his firstborn. Whom could he make his heir but me? You do not suppose he would leave all to you?"

"No," answered Luke. "If he did—as an extreme measure—it would all come to you. I would not keep one penny of it."

"And I in my pocket?"

"Do be quiet, uncle!" pleaded Urith.

"Then what can he do? He must come round. He is as certain to come round as is the sun that sets every evening in the west."

"I hope so."

"I am sure of it. I know my father better than do you, Luke. See here. Urith has Mr. Solomon Gibbs as her guardian, and he is quite willing."

"Oh, heartily!—heartily!" shouted Mr. Gibbs. "I'm quite incompetent to guardian any one, especially such a defiant little devil as my niece. She snaps her fingers in my face."

Luke stood biting his thumb.

He was as fully confident as was Anthony that the old man would not leave Hall away from his son. He might be angry, and incensed against Anthony; but his pride in the family position which he had won would never suffer him to disinherit his son, and leave the estate away from him—away from the name.

"I cannot—I cannot!" exclaimed Luke, with pain in his tone, for he felt that it was too great a sacrifice to be required of him that he should pronounce the nuptial blessing over Anthony and Urith. He laboured for breath. His brow was beaded with sweat. His pale face flushed.

"Anthony! this is unconsidered. You must postpone all thought of marriage to a later season. Consider that Urith's mother is but recently dead."

"I know it; but whether now or in three months, or three years, it makes no matter—I shall love her all the same, and we belong to each other. But, see you, Luke, I cannot go on three years—nay, nor three months, and hardly three weeks—without an occupation, and without money, and without a position. I am as impatient as you are for my reconciliation with my father. But we can be reconciled in one way only—through Urith's wedding-ring. Through that we will clasp hands. The longer the delay, the longer the estrangement, and the longer does my father harbour his delusion. If you will not marry me at once to Urith—"

"That I will not."

"Then I shall remain here, and work for her as her steward, look after the farm and the estate, and put it straight for her. Why, this is the time of all the year of the greatest importance to a farmer—the time that my direction is most necessary. I tell you, Luke, I stay here, either as her husband or as her steward."

"That cannot be, that must not be," said Luke, with heat, "and that Urith herself must feel."

Urith did feel it. But Urith's mind was disturbed by what had taken place. She had no knowledge of the world, and Anthony's arguments had seemed to her conclusive, so conclusive as to override her own repugnance to an immediate marriage. She had resolved to give him up altogether, and yet she had yielded; that resolve had gone to pieces. She had resolved that if she did take him it should be at some time in the future, but when he pointed out to her that his only chance of reconciliation with his father was through marriage, as to abandon her was an impossible alternative, and that he was absolutely without work, without a position, without means—sponging on his cousin, a poor curate, then she saw that this, her second resolve, must go to pieces, like the first.

"Anthony," said Luke; "you will have to go away for a year—for some months at the least."

"Whither?—To whom?"

"Surely Justice Crymes knows of—"

"How can I accept any help from him when I refuse his daughter, and when I have blinded his son?"

"That is true—and your mother had no relatives?"

"None that I know of but my grandmother, who is with you."

"Then go to sea."

"I have no taste to be a sailor."

"Be a soldier?"

"No, Luke, here I can serve Urith—save Willsworthy from going to destruction. It is not a bad estate, but has been mismanaged. Here I can be of utility, and here I can be a help to Urith, and find work that suits me, and which I understand. It seems plain to me that Willsworthy is crying out for me to come and take it in hand; and, unless it be taken in hand at once, a whole year is lost."

"That is true," threw in Solomon Gibbs, whose great eagerness now was to be disimbarassed of a task that was irksome to him, and obligations that were a burden. "You see, I was never reared to the

farm, but to the office. I can draw you a lease, but not a furrow; make a settlement, but not a turf-tye. I wash my hands of it all!"

"Then, in God's name," said Luke, in grey pallor, and with quivering features, "if it must be, then so be it. May be His finger points the way. As you will. I am at your service—but not for one month. Concede me that."

"From to-day," said Anthony. "So be it. That is fixed."

CHAPTER XXII.

BANNES

SUNDAY morning. A more idyllic and peaceful scene than Peter Tavy Church on Sunday could hardly be found. The grand old granite church with its bold grey tower and rich pinnacles standing among trees, now bursting into leaf; overhead, the soaring moors strewn with rock; the river or brook bounding, hawling down between the hills, with a pleasant rush that filled the air with a fresh, never-failing music.

The rooks cawing, peewits calling, larks trilling, wood-pigeons cooing, and the blackbirds piping during the pauses of the church-bells. And within the church, after the service had begun, when the psalm was not sung, as an accompaniment to the parson's prayer came in through the open door, with the sweet spring air and the sunlight, and through the ill-set and cracked wavy-green and the glass of the windows—that wondrous concert of Nature. As an organist sometimes accompanies the Confession and the Creed and Lord's Prayer, with a subdued change of harmonies on the instrument, so did mighty awakening Nature give its changing burden to this voice of prayer within, without a discord, and never unduly loud.

A quaint old church, with fragments of stained glass in the windows, with old oak carved benches representing on shields various strange sea-monsters, also rabbits running in and out of their holes, moor-birds fluttering over their young, and along with these symbols of trade, a spit with a goose on it, a flax-beating rack, a sheaf of wheat, and a sickle, and again the instruments of the Lord's Passion, and armorial bearings of ancient families, a queer jumble of subjects sacred and profane, a picture of human life. The screen existed almost intact, richly sculptured and gilt, and painted with the saints and apostles. Above this a great Royal Arms.

The church was full. In the great carved pew, mentioned in a former chapter, were the Crymes family; in another, newly erected, were Squire Cleverdon and his daughter. Urith and her uncle sat in the old bench belonging to the Willsworthy Manor; the family had not had the stray cash at command to replace this with a deal pew, according to the new fashion. Anthony was within the screen, in the rectory seat.

Looking through the screen, he could see his father, with his blue coat—the collar dusted over with powder—his dark eyebrows and sharp features. The old man looked straight before him, and purposely kept his eyes away from the chancel and his son when he stood up during Psalm and Creed.

The Second Lesson was read, and then ensued a pause. Even Anthony's heart gave a leap and flutter then, for he knew what was to follow.

Luke, in distinct tones, but with a voice in which was a slight tremor, announced: "I publish the banns of marriage between Anthony Cleverdon, of this parish, bachelor, and Urith Malvine—"

He was interrupted by a strange noise—something between a cry of pain and the laugh of a madman. Squire Cleverdon, who had risen to his feet on the conclusion of the Lesson, had fallen back in his pew, with livid face and clenched hands.

The curate waited a moment till the commotion was abated; then he proceeded—"Urith Malvine, of this parish, spinster. If any of you know any just cause why these persons may not be joined together in holy matrimony—"

Squire Cleverdon staggered to his feet, and, clasping the back of the pew with both hands, in a harsh voice that rang through the church, cried, "I forbid the banns."

"This is the first time of asking," Luke proceeded, with a voice now firm: "If any objection be raised, I will hear it immediately after Divine Service."

Little attention was given through the rest of public worship to anything save the old father, his son, and to Urith. All eyes wandered from the Cleverdon pew, in which the Squire sat screened, and in which he no more rose, to Anthony in the chancel, and then to Urith, who was deadly pale.

Luke's sermon may have been eloquent and instructive; not a person in the congregation gave heed to it.

There was another present who turned white at the announcement, and that was Julian Crymes; but she speedily recovered herself, and, rising, looked across the church at Urith with eyes that flamed with jealousy and hate. Her hand clenched her gloves, wrapped together in it. Yes, that wild moor-girl had won in the struggle, and she—the rich, the handsome Julian—was worsted. Her heart beat so furiously that she was afraid of leaning against the carved oak sides of the pew lest she should shake them. Her eye encountered that of her half-brother, twinkling with malice, and the sight gave back her self-possession; she would not let Fox see, and triumph over her confusion.

The congregation waited with impatience for the conclusion of the service, and then, after defiling into the churchyard, did not disperse; they tarried to hear the result of the objection raised to the publication.

Urith hastened away with her uncle, but she had difficulty in persuading him to go with her. He had so many friends in the churchyard, there was such a topic for discussion ready; but her will prevailed over his, and after a forlorn look back at his friends, and a shrug of the shoulders, he left with her.

But Anthony remained with head erect; he knew that no objection his father could make would avail anything. He nodded his head to acquaintances, and held out his hand to friends with his wonted confidence; but all showed a slight hesitation about receiving his advances, a hesitation that was so obvious that it angered him. He was at variance with his father, and the father held the purse strings. All knew that, and none liked to be too friendly with the young man fallen out of his fortune, and out of place.

Fox alone was really friendly. He pushed forward, and seized and shook Anthony's hand, and congratulated him. The young man was pleased.

"Bygones are bygones," said Fox, whose eye was covered with a patch, but no longer bandaged. "My sight is not destroyed, I shall receive it again, the doctor says. As for that affair on the moor, at the Drift—you know me better than to suppose I meant you harm."

"Certainly I do," answered Anthony, with warmth. "Just as you knew that when I struck you with the glove, I had not the smallest desire to hurt you. It was—well, what you like to call it—a passage of arms or a frolic. It is over."

"It is over, and all forgotten," said Fox. "You will not be deterred by your father's refusal to give consent to this marriage?"

"Certainly I will not," answered Anthony. "He will come round in time. It is but a question of time."

There was no vestry. Old Cleverdon waited in the church till Luke had taken off his surplice, and then went up to him in the chancel.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked, rudely. "How dare you—who have eaten of my bread, and whose back I clothed—take the part of Anthony against me?"

Luke replied gravely, "I have done my office; whoever asks

me to read his banns, or to marry him, I am bound to execute my office."

"I will send to the rector, and have you turned out of the cure."

"You may do so, if you please."

Luke maintained his calm exterior. The old man was trembling with anger.

"If you have objections to the marriage, state them," said Luke.

"Objections! Of course I have. The marriage shall not take place. I forbid it."

"On what grounds?"

"Grounds!—I do not choose that it shall take place; let that suffice."

"That, however, will not suffice for me. I am bound to repeat the banns, and to marry the pair, if they desire it, unless you can show me reasons—legitimate reasons—to make me refuse. Anthony is of age."

"He shall not marry that hussy. I will disinherit him if he does. Is not that enough? I will not be defied and disputed with. I have grounds which I do not choose to proclaim to the parish."

"Grounds I know you have," answered Luke gravely; "but not one that will hold. Why not give your consent? Urith is not penniless. Willsworthy will prove a good addition to Hall. Your son loves her, and she loves him."

"I will not have it. He shall not marry her!" again broke from the angry man. "He does it to defy me."

"There you are in error. It is you who have forced him into a position of estrangement, and apparent rebellion, because you will not suffer him to obey his own heart. He seeks his happiness in a way different from what you had mapped out; but it is his happiness, and he is better able to judge what conduces thereto than are you."

"I do know better than he. Does it lead to happiness to live separated from me—for I will never see him if he marries that hussy? Will it be to his happiness to see Hall pass away into other hands? Never, so help me God! shall he bring her over my threshold—certainly never as mistress. Answer me that."

The blood mounted to Luke's cheeks, and burnt there in two angry spots.

"Master Cleverdon," he said, and his voice assumed the authority of a priest, "your own wrongdoing is turning against you and yours. You did Urith's father a wrong, and you hate him and his daughter because you know that you were guilty towards him. You took from him the woman he loved, and who loved him, and sought to build your domestic happiness on broken hearts. You failed: you know by bitter experience how great was your failure; and, instead of being humbled thereby, and reproaching yourself, you become rancorous against his innocent child."

"You—you, say this! You beggar, whom I raised from the dung-hill, fed, and clothed?"

"I say it," answered Luke, with calmness, but with the flame still in his cheek, "only because I am grateful to you for what you did me, and I would bring you to the most blessed, peace-giving, and hopeful state that exists—a state to which we must all come, sooner or later—some soon, some late, if ever we are to pass into the world of Light—a knowledge of self. Do not think that I reproach you for any other reason. You know that I speak the truth, but you will not admit it—bow your head and beat your breast, and submit to the will of God."

The Squire folded his arms and glared from under his heavy eyebrows at the audacious young man who presumed to hold up to him the mirror.

"You will not refrain from reading these banns?"

"Not without just cause."

"And you will defy me—and marry them?"

"Yes."

The old man paused. He was trembling with rage and disappointment. He considered for a while. His face became paler—a dusky grey—and the lines between his nostrils and the corners of his mouth hardened and deepened. Forgetting that he was still in the church, he put his hat on his head; then he turned to walk away.

"I have shown all—all here, that I am against this; I have proclaimed it to the parish. I will not be defied with impunity. Take care you, Luke! I will leave no stone unturned to displace you. And as for Anthony, as he has made his bed so shall he lie—in his pigstye. Never—I call God to my witness—never in Hall."

As he passed through the richly-sculptured and gilt and painted screen, an old woman stepped forward and intercepted him on his way to the church door.

He put out his hand impatiently, to wave her away, without regarding her, and would have thrust past. But she would not be thus put aside.

"Ah, ha! Master Cleverdon!" she exclaimed, in harsh tones. "Look at me. Do you not know me—me, your wife's mother. Me, whom you threatened with the stick should I venture through your doors to see my daughter?"

Old Cleverdon looked at her with a scowl. "Of course I know you—you old beldame Penwarne."

"There is a righteous God in heaven!" cried the old woman, with vehemence—extending her arms to bar his passage. "Now will He recompense to you all the heartache and misery you brought on my child—ay, and through your own child too! That is well! That is well!"

"Stand aside!"

"I will not make a way for you to go," continued the old woman. "If you venture to go away till I have spoken, I will run after you and shriek it forth in the churchyard where all may hear. Will you stay now?"

He made no further attempt to force his way past her.

"You thought that with your money you could buy everything—even my child's heart; and when you found you could not, then you took her poor heart, and trampled on it; you spurned it; and you trod it again and again under your cursed foot till all the blood was crushed out of it." Her eyes glowed, there was the madness of long-retained and fostered hate in her heart. "You made a wreck of her life, and now your own child spurns you, and tramples on all your fatherly love, laughs at your ambition, mocks all your schemes, and flings back your love in your face as something too tainted, too base, to be worth a groat. Ah, ha! I have prayed to see this day. I see it, and am glad. Now go."

She stepped on one side, and the Squire walked down the church. In the porch he found Bessie, or rather Bessie found him, for he did not observe her. She put her hand on his arm, and looked earnestly, supplicatingly into his eyes. He shook off her hand, and walked on.

Half the congregation—nearly all the men, and a good many of the women were in the churchyard in groups, talking. Fox was with Anthony, but as soon as the Squire appeared, he fell from him and drew back near one of the trees of the church avenue, and fixed his keen observant eye on the old man. But every other eye was on him as well. Cleverdon came slowly, and with that mixture of pomposity and dignity which was usual with him, but which was this day exaggerated, down the avenue, he nodded and saluted with his hat the acquaintances whom he observed, but he said no word of greeting to any one. Presently he came opposite his son, then he stayed his foot, looked at him, and their eyes met. Not a muscle turned his head away, and walked on at the same leisurely pace.

The blood boiled up in Anthony's arteries. A film passed over his sight and obscured it, then he turned and went down another path, and abruptly left the graveyard.

(To be continued)

"Studies of Life and Character at a Railway Station"



THE THEATRE TRAIN

IN order really to appreciate the humours of railway travelling it is necessary, first of all, that you travel third class. Every one has whims and eccentricities which are food for the cynical philosopher, but they are more on the surface, more various, and more amusing amongst people whose clothes and whose manners are not all cut on the same pattern, and whose sentiments are not concealed beneath coatings of semi-opaque varnish. If you are blessed yourself with an even temper (which is the second important requisition) you will catch the threads of half-a-dozen family histories, and obtain the keys to as many characters, in a few hours passed in a third class carriage, but if you will be aristocratic, you are lost as a character-monger; for the average first class passenger requires an acquaintance of some weeks before he can be individualised from his class. There are brilliant exceptions of course—it is always so with generalities—and an elderly millionaire "from the ranks" may afford more entertainment than a carriage full of British workmen. It may, however, be remarked that a mixed lot is the best for general purposes. You get all the varieties of fashion—except the latest, which you may see any day in the parks, or in Mr. Du Maurier's drawings; and if you are a lady you should realise with a not unwholesome thrill that a very few years ago you wore a hat two feet *plus* high, and a red veil which had a most curious effect on your complexion, and sleeves nearly up to your elbows, and a skirt ballooning out behind with a swaying motion as you walked. And probably the costume of some nice old lady will give you a very good idea of your grandmother's style of dress—and it was not at all a bad style either. You will see the advertisements of various patent "hair restorers" which restore the hair to a most beautiful shiny golden-green colour, and always require very black eye-brows, and a complexion of lilies and roses, which are now to be procured very cheap and brilliant. And you may learn the exact angle to which the human head must fall in order to produce a snore, as well as the phenomena of the stare defiant and the wakefulness superhuman, when the offender wishes to convince everybody, including himself, that a snore is only a slightly deeper inspiration, quite compatible with the perfect and lively possession of all the faculties. No one ever goes to sleep in a railway carriage. How could they, when you come to think of it, considering the roar which almost deafens them, and the seats off which they have a curious tendency to slip if they close their eyes to meditate for five minutes, and the abominable briskness and noisiness of the ubiquitous porter?

The British porter, if you look at it in the right light, is a highly favoured individual. Nothing brings out character so much as travelling by rail—at least, so I have been told—though I fancy I have heard the same thing of life in a country house, and of some other situations. Then we have been told too, once or twice, that

the porter thinks of the twopence, and *he* works it off on the carriage doors. It is impossible to tell what his reflections may be, although an occasional wry twist of his countenance betrays internal commotion of some kind; but no doubt he is making mental notes of some vigour. The evolution, by a porter, of a system of social reform is a thing to be looked for in the near future, and if the problem of original sin is not ultimately solved by a member of that down-trodden fraternity, it ought to be. I am sure that no one but a philosopher could reach those depths of despondent gloom noticeable in his tones as he announces the names of the stations. "Gipsy 'Ill," said a sorrowful man once, looking into my compartment. "Very sorry," said I, "I'm not a doctor." He gazed at me, and for a moment lost his official composure. That man swore, and I respected him for it.

The porter on the Underground is quite as official, and, as

"the proper study of mankind is man," and the happy porter is always in the field on which mankind of all ages and degrees disports itself most variously. He hasn't, perhaps, the opportunities of the family lawyer, or even of the family doctor, for deep and searching analysis of character, but all its knobs and excrescences, so to speak, blossom out into strange prominence. Every man is in his humour; only unfortunately it is generally a bad one, and the porter gets the benefit. He is a sort of general whipping-boy. Any one who has an attack of indigestion, or a carriage full of children, or an energetic wife, or, in short, anything which defies strong language, works it off upon the porter, and then gives him twopence. Such a course of treatment is hostile to unimpassioned observation, and injurious to the temper, but the porter thinks of the twopence, and *he* works it off on the carriage doors. It is impossible to tell what his reflections may be, although an occasional wry twist of his countenance betrays internal commotion of some kind; but no doubt he is making mental notes of some vigour. The evolution, by a porter, of a system of social reform is a thing to be looked for in the near future, and if the problem of original sin is not ultimately solved by a member of that down-trodden fraternity, it ought to be. I am sure that no one but a philosopher could reach those depths of despondent gloom noticeable in his tones as he announces the names of the stations. "Gipsy 'Ill," said a sorrowful man once, looking into my compartment. "Very sorry," said I, "I'm not a doctor." He gazed at me, and for a moment lost his official composure. That man swore, and I respected him for it.



A HASTY NOTE

a rule, less interesting. He degenerates into an automaton, and must, one would think, clip tickets in his sleep. I have not yet heard of the new disease called ticket-porter's fever, but no doubt he has taken, or will shortly take out, a patent. He is not so dependent on tips, and evidently regards you as an inferior being, which you certainly are when he shuts the gate in your face, whistling quietly, whilst the train doesn't start, and you fret on the other side with expressions of annoyance, not always responded to so genially as was the monosyllable of that old gentleman in *Punch* whom we have none of us yet forgotten. On one occasion, coming back from the theatre by underground, I somehow managed to get into the wrong train. Being in a somnolent condition, I didn't discover my mistake for some time; and so I took a trip round London—that is to say, nearly the whole circumference of the "inner circle." I was presently left the last passenger in the train, and the official in charge, whose officialdom seemed to wear off as the day approached its close, became quite fatherly in his attentions, and came round at every station to see how I bore the journey. I know he thought me a little weak in the intellect, for he made some remark about the "other gent," by which he must have meant to refer to my keeper. When I left him at last I saw him pointing me out to a companion, who remarked



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

THE GRAPHIC



WORKING THEIR WAY TO THE SEASIDE



SWEETMEATS

reporting some one, whose joy is in interviewing officials, who is convinced to the depths of his being of the enormity, the rascality, the unheard-of insolence, the—the—in short—the unmitigated brutality of such an extortion. You know him: he is of goodly presence, sanguine complexion; short-necked, with a good deal of well-got-up collar (no pun being intended), and he probably stammers when excited. These are among the trials of the much-enduring porter. The traveller has these, and others like unto them.

I think, perhaps, the most severely trying is the railway baby. It is almost more unbearable than the fluffy dog, for which a dog-ticket is generally *not* taken, and which, smuggled in under a mackintosh or a muff, spends its time snapping at the legs of the passengers. No one who has not travelled third-class with an infant can fully realise the penetrating qualities of the common lunch-biscuit. Third-class passengers generally eat as though they had not tasted food since Tuesday week, beginning, in the North of England, with slab-like sandwiches, and drinks from glass bottles; they have survived the stage of Banbury cakes and oranges by the time they reach London. Still, they pause now and then for conversation of the says-he and says-she sort, and sometimes they produce a copy of the (female) *Family Herald* or the (male) *Leeds Mercury*, or they get out a pocket-comb and a glass, in which they can only see a few hairs, which they pretend to arrange; or they spar a little about the window and the corner seats, all of which serves to break the monotony of the day. But a baby with a lunch-biscuit is, to compare small things with great, an eternity; and, although constantly occupied, it is not satisfied with that, but endeavours, with fiendish malice, to keep every one else occupied, too. Anxious they cannot fail to be. "What will it do with it?" is the first question one asks oneself, when the creature, in the arms of its proud mother, is seen serenely clutching the large, hard, round substance. It can't possibly bite it, so it sucks it meditatively and slowly all round the edge, which assumes a worried appearance. In a frantic effort to obtain a firmer grip it sticks two fingers into its eyes, and the rest into its mouth, and drops the biscuit on the floor. The disaster is announced by awe-inspiring shrieks, in the progress of which the child's evil passions cause it to turn so positively livid that in terror one grovels in the dust and fragments of the floor, and discovering amongst them the mangled biscuit, restores it with loathing to the infant, who receives it with a glassy stare, and a sound something between a hysterical sob and a hiccup.

But the episode is not closed. Indeed, as I have already remarked, a lunch biscuit will last you a day's journey if you are foolish or unfortunate enough to remain in the same compartment with such a fearful wild fowl as an uncaged baby. Probably the next thing it does is to choke over a three-cornered bit of dusty biscuit which has been broken off for its delectation. Then there is a new edition of howling and spluttering, and torrents of the most inexpressibly foolish—baby-language, I believe it is called; though I should have given it another name myself. And then it pretends to go to sleep. There is no such consummate hypocrite as a baby. People talk of the sweet innocence and unconsciousness of childhood; but that baby (for you will understand that I have a special occasion in my mind) was a mass of affectation, and I am positive I saw it wink. When it was to all appearance fast asleep, its mother tried to rescue the remains of the biscuit from its puggy hand, and that baby was wide awake, and screaming like a peacock before one had time to stop one's ears; and, if you will believe it, its mother exclaimed with delight at its cleverness—which was, in fact, an exhibition of the most precocious and degraded cunning. Partly from certain strange feelings and impressions of my own, I rather incline to the idea of transmigration of souls; but, as I contemplate that baby, I shudder at the bare imagination of the form and region in which its soul—if it has a soul—must have passed its pre-natal existence.

The baby's brother was of a social and inquiring turn. He was provided with lunch biscuits and also with oranges, and although I explained to him that I was not a society man, and had no little boys of my own, and did not know a single story, he insisted on coming and sitting on my knee, and asking me, amongst other questions more or less personal, how old I was, and whether I said my prayers. He was much worse (and much uglier) than any stage child, whether of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett or of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, and as for the immortal Budge and Toddy, they were not in it.

The drawing-room and first-class child may be civilised into a being certainly pleasant to look at, and I believe not unamiable when kept in a due state of repression. I have seen little cherubs, like a picture by Philip Morris, sitting



HIS BETTER HALF

sympathetically, "My! poor chap, won't he catch it!" I turned and said to my old friend, in a sepulchral voice, "Can you tell me the nearest way to the river?" and fled like a

spectre into the darkness. If I could draw the expression of their faces I would.

Yet there are amenities even in the porter's life, if he has the spirit to remark and to enjoy the pretty people and pleasant sights to be seen under, as well as above-ground. There are Christmas parties for the pantomime from the suburbs—troops of boys and girls "home for the holidays," whose animal spirits may be a trifle uproarious, but they do not exercise the porterial mind so much as some of their elders who are victims to masculine "fidgets" or lady-like "nerves."

Think of the elderly young lady who, after her bonnet-box, and her bundle of rugs, and her travelling-bag, and her hamper of flowers, and her six parcels have been carefully arranged on the rack, suddenly discovers that she cannot possibly travel in the compartment with that repulsive-looking man (who very likely has a pair of Bishop's gaiters tucked under his rug), and who refuses to travel in a ladies' carriage; and is at last, in a state of hysteria, bundled in at the nearest smoking-compartment, as the train is on the move, having forgotten the twopence. Think of her, and think of the porter.

And have you not met that old lady in black, with a reticule, who is going to stay with her daughter-in-law at Hampstead? She will give you a compendium of the most interesting events in her family history, with only the very smallest encouragement; and she invariably mislays her ticket, for which she searches with tremulous hands in some possible, and all impossible, places; whilst the ticket-porter fumes, and every one in the compartment is requested to rise and shake themselves, so that, if the little green card has in any mad hunt-the-slipper freak concealed itself beneath them, it may be dislodged—the aforesaid ticket being at last discovered quietly enough poking a hole through the old lady's silk glove (with kid tips). She then settles down to be more communicative than ever, and will tell you how she took her husband's corpse by train to Woking Cemetery; but your benevolence has received a check, and you snub that old lady.

There is, again, the old gentleman (with whom I am personally acquainted, and who is a most estimable member of society) who never makes a twenty-mile journey without



A MEET OF THE QUEEN'S BUCKHOUNDS



SHOEBLACKS

on a pile of boxes, over which they believed themselves to be keeping guard, with an expression so seraphic that one can scarcely believe that they belong to the same species as the little demons whom I have been describing. But when you get to know them you discover that their nature is much the same essentially, only the varnishing process has fortunately begun.

Another grievance of which we have heard a good deal lately is the persistent fondness of the British petticoat for bearding the



TOMMY ATKINS AND HIS SISTERS



MINDING THE LUGGAGE

British lion in his den, the smoking-carriage. Yet, perhaps, this little peculiarity is not quite so often intentional as some injured persons would have us believe—the man with a grievance thrives on a railway journey. There have been farewells, last injunctions, embracings, and, as a consequence, a rush for the train at the last moment, and a perilous leap into the nearest opening, which is only then discovered to be a

third-class "smoker," containing, amongst other doubtful elements, three or four quite unnecessarily-hilarious Christy Minstrels, working their way to the seaside. These gentlemen are the products of advanced civilisation; so are Banbury cakes and automatic machines.

How grateful one should feel for the multiplication of automatic machines, adapted to every emergency of life! They afford facilities to young

ladies for writing that last word which they invariably forget to say, and which is always of the utmost importance, and for such a boon alone one cannot be too grateful. But this is not all—hearken, oh denizens of less civilised climes, and grow all manner of colours with envy! For an unassuming penny you may be saturated with scent of an odour so tenacious that I promise you you will not be able to wear your garments for a week thereafter. Or you may say to your little nephews and nieces, with the air of the good uncle in a story-book, "Come here, chicks, and you shall all have a sweetie while you are waiting for the train;" and you magnanimously give them pennies, trusting that, for ten minutes at least, chocolate or toffy will induce them to abstain from asking you for a story; and the monster receives the pennies in his cast-iron inside, and produces nothing in exchange. You then have three or four weeping cherubs to console on a journey to Hampton Court or Kew Gardens, which seems to last years. It is also much recommended by the faculty to weigh yourself periodically. Any alteration in avoirdupois is significant, especially as you approach that time of life which—but no, my dear sir or madam, I do not intend to stoop to personalities, and the age I had in my mind is years beyond your modest attainment. But I saw a lady the other day who "stood ready to weigh once, and weigh no more." For she was thinking of the sylph-like proportions of her youth (all fat women were girls of aerial slimness); and, with a smile on her face, she stood whilst her husband—height, five feet nothing; weight, perhaps eight stone—dropped the fatal penny in the slot. The hand flew round; the lady's face changed, empurpled; and, as she marched down the platform, with her trembling little husband in her wake, I heard her muttering something about false weight and imposition. It is, indeed, disgraceful of the railway company.

Yet it must not be supposed that even the overdone automatons have not points in their favour. "Dumb waiters" were long ago discovered to be expedient, and it would be a relief if our newspapers could be deftly handed to us, and our shoes expeditiously brushed (when we are going



ARRESTED



A DESERTER



DOG TICKET

to pay a call on an elderly relative on a muddy day), without the hoarse vociferation which jars the nerves of the sensitive and highly-organised modern Briton; and, better still, if our sawdust sandwiches and flat lemonade could be automatically administered, without the intervention of the Gorgons of the refreshment-bar, we should almost cease to grumble at their composition, and railway travelling would lose half its horrors. I seem to see in the not distant future, when we shall travel silently by electricity, rows of perfectly-arranged machines transacting all our business—from the taking of the ticket and the arrangement of the luggage to the lighting of a cigar. I would allow one human machine, who would probably be necessary to oil and feed the other machines, and useful as a referee in case of difficulty; but in time, and by the aid of telephones, even he might be improved away.

It sounds a little vague—all great ideas do at first; but if you work it out you will find it is all right. My revised railway-station should be a city of the dead but for the passengers. Of course the drawback to my plan is the disposal of the crowd, who would thus be thrown out of work, especially as human beings are on the self-multiplying principle, and, when once started going, are, like repeating decimals, constantly recurring, and as constantly demanding employment, whilst automatic machines are constructed in a different way. Thus the whole question of the surplus population is begged—unless, indeed, an earthquake could be arranged. But the matter is too serious for such light and unseemly discussion, and I would rather turn my attention to one of the many *tableaux* which the platform is constantly displaying, like a gallery with ever-shifting pictures, or a stage on which groups arrange and rearrange themselves with the naturalness and animation of life itself. There is now an improved version of the hunt-scene in

Dorothy, with new and original effects: scarlet coats and dainty riding-habits; the plunging of refractory and half-terrified horses, alternately admonished and soothed by dapper grooms and burly stablemen; bright sunshine, with all the pleasant bustle and confusion, the exhilaration and sense of expectant enjoyment, which, whether one be participant in the pleasure or merely an unheeded spectator, are apt to remain photographed as a fresh and permanent memory-picture. Or what I prefer even to such brilliant glimpses of prosperous enjoyment are the meetings and partings, the undisguised emotions of pain or pleasure into which the stolidest countenances often relax in those few moments on the platform.

Tommy Atkins is for once at least in his life a hero, when those flashily-dressed and, as some people might think, particularly undesirable young women, his sisters, surround him with the most delighted expressions of admiration, seconded more faintly but with equal good-will by two or three of their friends in the background. Tommy bears himself with that consciousness of worth, evident but not obtrusive, which is the characteristic of greatness; but at the same time I am glad to see that the meeting has its emotional side for him. He probably left home a loutish, ill-conditioned boy under a cloud, but drill and discipline have brought out all the good points of his appearance and manner, and some too, perhaps, of his character. At all events, he has learned how to obey, and if, as some people are rather fond of pointing out, he is not even now a very noble individual, he is at least a decided improvement on his old self. He is a gay butterfly, and naturally reciprocates the admiration so lavishly bestowed on him; for is not a red coat of superior magnetic attraction to the most faultless civilian get-up ever produced in Bond Street? But he is really a good fellow at heart, and if, when his furlough is approaching its end, friends will be too pressing in their offers of refreshment, why, "we're a' fallible," as the Scotchman said; and the thing is not of frequent occurrence.

A far sadder sight is yonder shame-faced youth too, evidently in custody. One can read his story at a glance. His head has been turned by foolish stories of heroes whose morals were, to say the least, doubtful, and whose illegal exploits invariably ended in fame and fortune; and weary of school discipline, and perhaps of the injudicious exertion of parental authority, he has run away from school to enlist, and, finding military discipline still less to his taste, has run away also, alas! from his regiment. Nemesis followed him quickly in the person of the two non-commissioned officers with whom he is to return to inglorious retribution. In a moral sense, the two offences were probably about equal; but to the end of his life he can never erase from his own memory, at least, the stigma of "deserter" which has once attached to him, and the shame, and disgrace, and misery, which his childish act of folly brought upon himself and upon his family. Almost before he entered the battle of life he has deserted his colours; yet the sharp lesson may be effectual, and he has a lifetime before him in which to retrieve the past.

But what shall we say of the battered wreck of humanity who at the other end of life has encountered dire temptation, and fallen? "Arrested" is written plainly on every line of his haggard face, in every step and attitude his ignominy is visible, even were those grim figures away that guard him

on either side. Scarcely a pitying glance is given to the grey-haired reprobate, whose fate—doubtless richly deserved—will probably be an unheeded death in a convict prison. And the rosy sailor-boys, fresh from the training-ship *St. Vincent* at Portsmouth, rush into the welcoming arms outstretched to receive them, and sweethearts, long parted, are restored to each other, and a young couple in a first-class reserved compartment see, without caring to comprehend, the sad little procession that passes them, and so the world goes on merrily, or seems to do so; for such is life. Only a workman, who is passing by with a basket of tools on his shoulder, drops a penny into the fund

which is to supply free dinners to hungry children, moved not only by the recollection of the little ones at home, but perhaps also by some subtle half-consciousness of the connection between starvation and vice, and by that true sympathy which the very poor are often so ready to show towards one another.

So, if the comic side of railway-station life is at the first glance most strikingly apparent, it is by no means wanting in pathetic incident, even in poetic suggestiveness. The line has its tragedies, its romances, its criminal history, its novelettes "complete in one chapter," of which we may often read a whole page over the top of a newspaper. No place in which human beings are wont to congregate can be without such interests and incidents, tragi-comic, sentimental, and humorous at once, like all the great world of which they are a part; and many a novelist has found

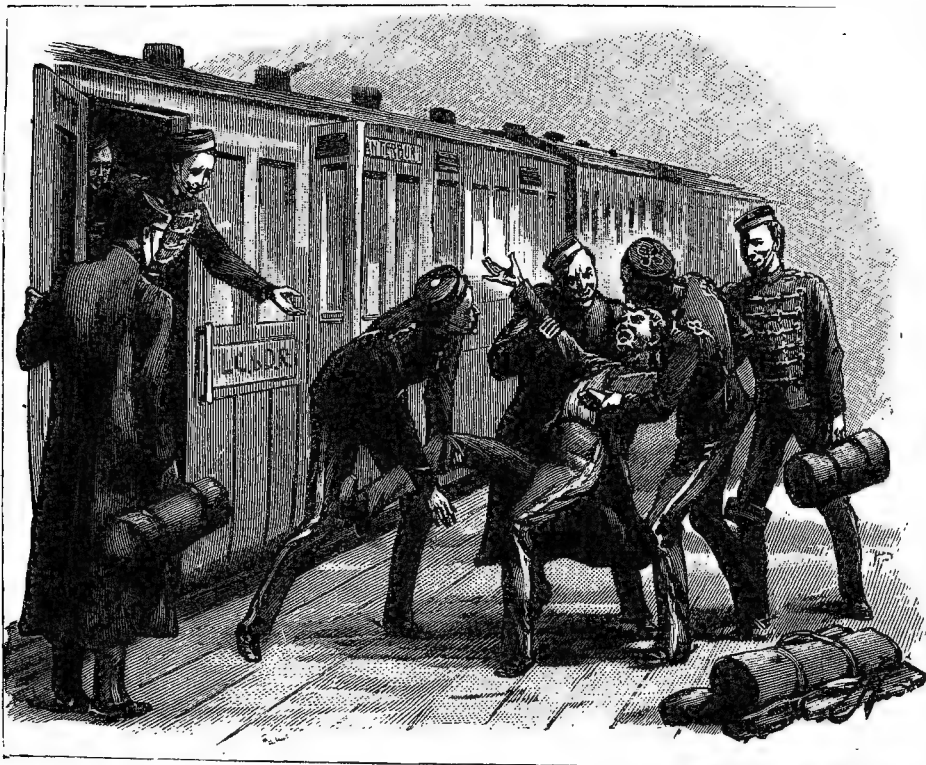


BOYS OF H.M.S. "VINCENT" RETURNING

scope for his imagination in the world of the railway. Indeed, so much so-called railway literature has been published of late, that every possible crime and adventure would seem to have been exhausted; still there remains one aspect on which writers of fiction have scarcely touched, yet which is quite in accord with the modern love of the



CHARITY



TROOPERS ON FURLOUGH

marvellous and half-understood. I mean the inevitable sense of mystery which, to an imaginative mind, cannot be "staled by frequency;" the delight and the possible danger of being thus in the embrace of an unknown power only imperfectly subdued by man's ingenuity, and liable to appalling outbursts of rebellion—a power to which one submits oneself blindly, and in whose clutches one is passive and helpless—a monster which, seeming at times to our fancy to possess human volition, contains elements of inhuman and superhuman grandeur. Charles Dickens was strongly imbued with this superstitious feeling, this love of a mystery as easily to be explained away by science as the nursery ogre. For him the railroad had a strange attraction and significance, and even the long shining steel ribbons of the line possessed a weird fascination for his mind. So much is implied—there are such vast potentialities in that quiet cutting under the warm sun; in the blackness of the tunnel; which seems dark with a supernatural, significant gloom; in the shining white cloud bearing down upon us from afar; in the attitude of the man in the little glistening signal-box, on whose part the inattention or forgetfulness of a moment may strew the line with corpses and fill the air with wailing. That spectre cry, "For God's sake, clear the line!" which hunted to his death the wretched signalman of Dickens's tale, overcome by the strain of a too-heavy responsibility, if not founded on historic fact, is poetically true and actually possible.

If the saying that "Truth is stranger than fiction" has been hackneyed into a truism, yet it is one which the records of the line must constantly recall to us. The thrilling situations which railway travelling offers are more varied and no less dramatic than in the days of stage-coaches, with which the poetry of travelling has not died, as some suppose. But perhaps we shall have to wait until steam locomotion is a thing of the past, before its artistic and æsthetic merits are duly recognised.



ALGERNON GISSING does not seem to have much reverence for the memory of John Hampden. If he is to be regarded as the prototype of "A Village Hampden" (3 vols. : Hurst and Blackett), as described in the person of one Michael Wayfer, he was a litigious, unscrupulous, self-seeking rascal. We do not fancy that Gray had this sort of village or other Hampden in his mind when he wrote his "Elegy." Leaving, however, Mr. Gissing to settle this matter with historians, and without by any means committing ourselves to the view that he is necessarily wrong, we have no doubt whatever as to the excellence of his novel. It is not very successful as an attempt to catch and reproduce the special characteristics of Cotswold farmers and labourers—indeed, but for certain tricks of speech and some local allusions, the scene might represent any rural district; but its merits are quite apart from its background. The persons of the story are dramatic enough to be exceptional anywhere; and the touching episode of Joice Wayfer is one of those long, quiet tragedies which need no local colour to render them effective. There is real artistic distinction about the singular moderation with which the author handles strong situations in which some degree of exaggeration would have been perfectly permissible. Indeed, many readers will think that reticence and simplicity are themselves exaggerated; and it is sometimes doubtful whether Mr. Gissing has not sometimes held his hand from self-distrust of doing justice to a situation rather than from self-control. In any case, however, the fault, if it be such, is that of an artist, who knows the wonderful virtue of reserve, as well as the limits of his own power. The portraits are admirable, and their merits are always recognisable even when they come least within the range of ordinary experience. Indeed, it is upon vigorous portraiture that the interest of the novel, which is very much of the nature of a collection of sketches and episodes, mainly depends.

In "Caste and Creed" (2 vols. : F. V. White and Co.), Mrs. Frank Penny has aimed at interesting her readers in the Eurasian Christians of India, and in displaying "the sad contrast between the philosophy of the Hindoos' sacred books and the existing practice of their religion." The first purpose is scarcely carried out by the choice of her Eurasian heroine—the angelic daughter of a Scottish merchant of the best type and of a Brahmin lady. Zelma Anderson is far too exceptional a product of exceptional parentage to excite interest in a class to which she assuredly does not belong. The second purpose, that of counteracting current tendencies in favour of Hindoo theology, is much more effectively fulfilled, and the novel may on that account be commended to the many large-minded persons who judge Hindooism from its sacred classics, of which they perhaps know a little, instead of from its actual practice, of which it may certainly be taken for granted that they know nothing. There is no reason to imagine that Mrs. Penny has described anything without the actual knowledge she professes; and, though she is a poor hand at constructing a plot, she is brilliant in the representation of life and movement, and in creating vividly picturesque impressions without the sacrifice of a single detail. Her description of the procession of the idol is something to remember.

There is surely quite enough silly and disagreeable types and individuals in the real world capable of and deserving description without its being worth the while of a novelist to create more than there are. Discovery, not invention, is the proper business of literature portraiture; if, in "The Love of a Lady" (3 vols. : F. V. White and Co.), Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip) has followed this orthodox canon, we do not envy her experiences. We do not complain that her hero is at once a finished Adonis and a finished idiot—he is at any rate a recognised absurdity—nor that the capacity of believers in Spiritualism for swallowing vulgar and impudent imposition is overdrawn, for in their case to overdraw is impossible. The fault of the novel is that it brings non-existent people into uninteresting relations which could not be more unwholesome if they had been selected with the view of combining the minimum of profit with the minimum of pleasure. The matrimonial novel, at its best, becomes, in the hands of Englishwomen, an unmitigated nuisance; it is, however, to the credit of Annie Thomas that she has failed to give to its nauseous conventionalities the slightest semblance of reality.

"Nigel Browning," by Agnes Giberne (1 vol. : Longmans, Green, and Co.), is in healthy contrast with the last-named work; but it cannot be called more interesting. It is the story of a young woman who is made to suffer in a strangely unlikely and exaggerated manner for the slightest and most harmless of fibs about a matter which could not possibly be of the slightest consequence to anybody. In order to bring about this terrible case of conscience, an exceedingly particular old gentleman is made to write four separate postscripts to four separate letters, and to mix up the letters and postscripts so that all the letters come into the wrong hands. The girl did not like her postscript, was ashamed of having had it, and said she had never had it; it did not signify in the least; but her fiancé—who, by the way, was in love with somebody else—determined that, though she was a paragon of all the virtues, this one slip was fatal, and hence the harmless and primitive complications of Nigel Browning.

"Mr. Spivey's Clerk," whose story is told by J. S. Fletcher (1 vol. : Ward and Downey) is a Balliol man of recognised ability, great scientific attainments, and high character, who had, moreover, played in the University eleven; and yet, finding himself thrown on his own resources, can find nothing better to do than become a book-sellers' clerk at a guinea a week. He falls over head and ears in love with a dressmakers' girl, who is betrayed into a mock marriage by a brilliant, but wicked, young author, breaks her heart, and dies. This melancholy little tale, which is not without a grain of pathos here and there, is not wholly sentimental; but neither in its humour nor in its sentiment does it display much knowledge of men and things. Where in the world, for instance, did Mr. Fleming come across a Bishop with a single characteristic in common with his Dr. Dumbury?

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

"THE PRELUDE" (Fisher Unwin), by Mr. Harold Burrows, is devoted to the poetic consideration of three main subjects—love, light, and lunacy. The first topic is handled with the fierce vigour of youth, the second with an enthusiasm which finds delight in repetition, the third with some considerable grasp of detail. This last composition is an attempt to trace the career of a madman from the first signs of incipient insanity to the final catastrophe, which consists in this instance of being burnt alive, the maniac describing his sensations up to the last moment of combustion, winding up with a significant "Ah!" an interjection which seems strangely inadequate to so burning a situation. Where Mr. Burrows is more restrained and painstaking he is not without merit; but his exuberance is often a cause of carelessness, and then he scorns to trim not only his measures, but even his grammar. Of the poet's best manner, the following, from "The Lover," is an example:—

As Arabs, stealing o'er the desert sands,
View with delighted eyes a limpid pool,
Whose winsome waters woo the wearied bands;
Their fever'd thirst and swollen throats to cool;
Swift they approach, yet pause as they draw near,
And, sick with doubt, they check their eager speed;
Dreading some false illusion of the air
But mocks their anguish and torments their need;
So, seeking sympathy, the sad-tired soul
Leaps with new life when love dawns on his eyes;
With what delight it presses to the goal,
Yet faints and falters as it nears the prize,
A joy so vast, it doubts to prove a cheat,
And scarce can dare to face a grief so great.

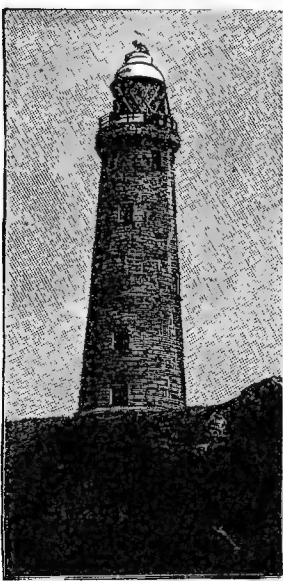
Mr. Burrows can also write matter of this sort:—

But thou art dead, but thou art dead,
And thou art dead, my Helen!
And every joy with thee hath fled
My Helen, O my Helen!
Hushed is thy voice, and, sunk in gloom
My thoughts can find no haven,
For I but wander in a tomb
Which I myself hath graven.

If the poet is young and a beginner there is hope for him, but if we have here a product of his genius at its ripest, of its mind at its maturest, things wear a different aspect.

THE LIGHTHOUSES AT DONDRA HEAD AND BERBERYN ISLAND, COAST OF CEYLON

THE Board of Trade has recently erected on the coast of Ceylon two first-class lights, of which we give illustrations—viz., one on Dondra Head, the most southern point of the island, in 5 deg. 55½ min. N., and 80 deg. 35½ min. E.; and a second on an island lying off the port of Berberyn, on the extreme west, in 6 deg. 27¾ min. N., and 79 deg. 57¾ min. E., thus completing, with the lights at Colombo and Galle, a succession of lights on the



BERBERYN ISLAND LIGHTHOUSE

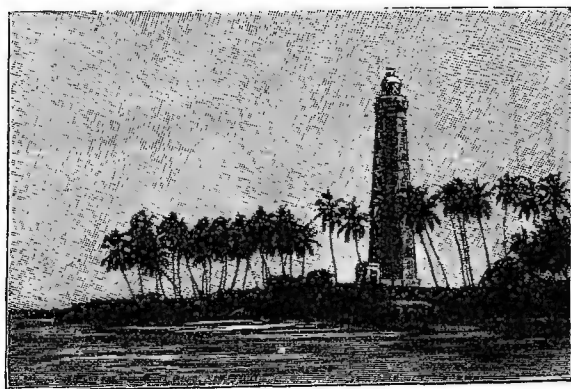
Ceylon coast, with intersecting arcs of illumination from Colombo to the celebrated lighthouses on the Great and Little Besses, making, with the light on Minicoy, five first-class lights under the control of the Board in the Indian Ocean.

The lights now under notice are 150 feet above the level of the sea to the centre of the light, or focal plane, having an arc of illumination of 20 miles radius, Dondra Head showing a quick white flash every 20 seconds, while that on the Island of Berberyn shows a quick white flash every minute. They are of the first order of revolving lights, and are among the largest yet made by Messrs. Chance Bros., of Birmingham.

Ceylon, with its harbours and coaling stations of Colombo and Galle, forms the halfway house and general port of call between Suez and Australia on the one hand, and Calcutta and China on the other, and it becomes a matter of interest to record that this formerly dangerous and intricate turning-point of Eastern navigation may now be safely traversed by night or day within a reasonable distance of the shore by simply making and keeping these lights in succession in view.

The two new lights now under notice were commenced in November, 1887, and the lights were exhibited in March of the present year.

Our illustrations are from photographs taken by Mr. Woodford Pilkington, M.I.C.E., under whose supervision and direction the works on the spot were carried out, No. 1 being of Berberyn Island, showing the rocky foreshore on which the lighthouse stands, which is 58 feet above high water, the tower itself being 92 feet;



DONDRA HEAD LIGHTHOUSE

No. 2, Dondra Head, taken from the landing-place to the north, showing the lighthouse complete; the tower being octagon, and 140 feet high on the eastern extremity of this promontory of Ceylon.

The entire cost of the erection of these two lighthouses was 30,000*l*. The erection and maintenance are paid for by the dues collected at the Besses and Minicoy Lights.



THE present generation, which is growing up at a time when steam and iron have entirely taken the place of canvas and oak in a man-of-war, must require an edition of Marryat's novels as full of notes as an Anthon's Virgil to enable them to understand the terms and expressions with which every page bristles. But until some nautical scholiast undertakes that labour of love, Mr. Robert C. Leslie's "Old Sea Wings, Ways, and Words in the Days of Oak and Hemp" (Chapman and Hall, Limited), will be found a most excellent introduction to the study of Captain Marryat. Mr. Leslie begins at the beginning, and works his way upward to the full-rigged ship from the square lug-sail of the North and the

peaked sail-wing of the South, describing with loving care the different styles of craft made use of as coasting vessels in all parts of the world. The King's cutters and the fast fine brigs that were once the pride of the Royal Navy before the introduction of steam are drawn and fully described, and then there is a chapter on figure-heads which traces the decoration of the ship's bow from the Greek galley to the line-of-battle ships and frigates of our great naval wars, and the more modern ram-bowed ironclad. Our merchant navy, of course, comes in for its full share of attention, and it will interest those who dash across to New York on board one of the greyhounds of the Atlantic to learn that in 1735 the out and home journey to America was performed in four months, when all things went well. Even the old Black X liners of four hundred tons, fast and comfortably fitted though they were, would nowadays be found insupportable by the first-class passengers, though only fifty years ago they were considered marvels of luxury and speed. As for the steerage passengers, the horrors which they had to undergo in crossing the Atlantic were almost beyond description, for the steerage of a sailing liner was, indeed, a prison, with the chance of being drowned added as a final terror. The last chapter in the book is a list of sea-terms and phrases, some of which, though no longer used afloat, are frequently used on shore. It is a most useful little glossary, and will greatly help the coming annotator of Marryat and Michael Scott. The book is illustrated with over a hundred drawings and sketches by the author, which greatly elucidate the text. The work is a most learned and interesting contribution to the history of ships and seamanship, and may be read with equal advantage by the sailor and the landsman.

As we have not yet quite parted from the season of the year in which some mysterious centrifugal force sends all men spinning from their homes like drops of water from a trundled mop, the intending traveller turns readily to such little books as "Amongst the Moors, Tunisians, Maltese, and Syracusans," by Alice and Frances Terry (Charles Dickens and Evans). This volume contains the experiences of four young people—two sisters and two brothers—during a trip to the Mediterranean in the spring of last year. The chief novelty of the journey was the fact that the brothers and sisters were not taken abroad to do the usual tour in leading strings, but were allowed to go by themselves, to venture a little out of the ordinary track of tourists. The shores of the Mediterranean are far too well known for the authors to touch upon any subject of even comparative novelty, and the English of the book is slipshod; but the accounts of the places visited are written in such an unaffected and straightforward manner that all who contemplate a trip to the Mediterranean will do well to include the little volume in their library. Perhaps the least known of the places visited is Syracuse, of which a very interesting description is given. The book is most excellently illustrated with reproductions of photographs of persons and views, and forms a capital album, which many people who have visited Morocco and Tunis will be glad to have.

The diary-writer has one great advantage over many worthy authors in that, though frequently sneered at, he is constantly read. Mr. Pepys, however ridiculous we may occasionally find him, has furnished us with a picture of his times which surpasses in value many pretentious histories, and "Boswell's Johnson"—the greater part of which is in reality a diary—will outlast the works of the great scholar whose life it deals with. "The Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay" (New edition, vol. I. : Vizetelly and Co.) is one of those excellent works which enable us to form such a vivid idea of the social and literary life of the latter half of the last century. Miss Fanny Burney (or Madame D'Arblay) was famous in her own day as the author of several novels which had a great popularity for a time, but she has undergone the fate of other diary-writers, and is now best known by the letters and sketches which she wrote to amuse herself and her intimate friends and relations. Miss Burney was born in 1752, and first began to keep a diary in 1768. In the present volume the diary begins with the year 1778, in which she published her first novel, "Evelina," and suddenly became famous. The success she obtained was increased by "Cecilia" in 1782, and Miss Burney was accepted by Dr. Johnson and the literary world as one of the greatest novelists of the day. In 1786, she accepted an offer from the Queen to go to Court as Keeper of the Robes, and entered upon her new duties in July of the same year. From that time forward the diary gives a detailed and intimate account of the Court life of George III. and his Queen at Windsor and Kew, and in the present volume is brought down to the beginning of January, 1787. Lord Macaulay's essay on Madame D'Arblay prefaces this volume, which is one of a series to be published monthly.

Mr. Henry Morley's *magnum opus*, "An Attempt Towards a History of English Literature" (Cassell) seems likely to drag out to a formidable length. The fifth volume, of some three hundred and fifty octavo pages, which has just been issued deals only with those lights of the fourteenth century, Wyclif and Chaucer, while the sixth volume will only take us as far as Caxton. The mind shrinks from the contemplation of the amount of learned labour, of the array of tomes, which a similarly lengthy treatment of the lives and works of our authors down to the days of Tennyson and Browning must entail. Still, it is to be admitted that Mr. Morley is very thoroughgoing. He omits nothing that he fancies will conduce to the better understanding of the personal position of the Rector of Lutterworth and of the author of "The Canterbury Tales." So, for instance, he opens this volume with a disquisition on Church Reform, which of course leads up to the ecclesiastical controversy in which Wyclif played so prominent a part. At the same time one cannot help thinking that he encumbers his work with non-essential details. He takes many pages in trying to fix the date of Chaucer's birth and his precise ancestry, and, after all, we come to the conclusion that here is a conundrum which a wise man duly impressed with the fact of the brevity of life will give up. If Mr. Morley intends to examine or recite, as the case may be, all that has been argued on moot points in the biographies and writings of our authors of the past, he has, we venture to think, undertaken a task which was beyond the power of one man, unless he began in his teens and laboured uninterruptedly at it through a long lifetime. Judicious compression, here and there, is surely not to be neglected by the most voluminous historian. A good deal which Professor Morley tells us would find its place more appropriately in a history of the nation than in a history of literature. For example, the elaborate dissertations on the value of money, its real value and its purchasing value, are certainly interesting; but they are scarcely necessary, and help to overload the volume. Of course such details assist to the comprehension of the time in which Chaucer lived; of his personal affluence and prosperity; and so on. Still, on the same principle everything in life and habit that went to make the fourteenth century what it was might be dragged in. Professor Morley, in a word, has great learning in one special department of our national story; he is endowed with the faculty of industrious research; but he does not appear to possess the gift required for the lucid disposition of the overwhelming stores of his reading. A history of English Literature should be a work easily readable by a man of cultivated understanding, not a mere dry and cumbersome book of reference. It is not the business of an historian to pitchfork piles of facts and dates, controversies and quotations, out of one storehouse into another. He should be a little of an artist, and if he is that, then in the growth of English Literature from small beginnings to a great and unsurpassed splendour, he has admirable material for a fascinating narrative. Professor Morley's work is certainly excellent in its way, abounding in the results of critical investigation, and invaluable to indefatigable



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES—TORPEDO BOATS IN A GALE
DRAWN BY NASH

THE GRAPHIC

GENUINE NATIVE OYSTERS are not sold wholesale at less than 3/ per thousand, or a trifle under 2s. a dozen.

THE NEW GRAIN is coming forward but slowly. This does not cause any apprehension as to the extent of the yield, which in the case of wheat and barley is known to approach an average, and in the case of oats, beans, and peas to exceed it. So far from being a bad sign in this respect, it is in its own way very encouraging, witnessing as it does to the increased power of farmers to hold corn and a diminished pressure for ready money. The new wheat that has been shown thus far is of good weight and fair quality, but is too damp for immediate milling. It fetches up to 40s. per qr., but

Early in August topping the plant and removing side shoots commenced. This is important; by it the full vigour of the plant is thrown into the eight or ten leaves left to mature. The plantation now presented a fine appearance, the leaves in some cases being 30 inches long, and wide in proportion. On August 17th Blackheath was visited by a violent thunderstorm, accompanied by an unusual shower of hail. The best leaves were completely riddled. This unfortunate disaster rendered the crop valueless, but, as it was experimental, it was left to do what it could till harvest. At the end of September the plant was cut off at the base with a sharp chisel and laid in rows on the ground for several hours to wilt; they were then carefully taken up, a hole punched through the thick end of the stem, and five or six plants threaded on sticks. These were carried to the drying-house (an old hothouse), and suspended in rows, artificial heat being applied to assist the drying; here they remained

till thoroughly dry, the fires were then withdrawn, and cold air admitted. This rendered the leaves pliable and fit to handle (tobacco takes up moisture freely); the plants were then taken down, the leaves stripped from the stems, and bound into hands, which were packed tightly together in a light case.

Unfortunately, the disastrous storm before referred to rendered this crop totally unfit either for commerce or for competition; it was therefore destroyed by order of the Inland Revenue.

IN SUMATRA:—It is only twenty-five years since the first tobacco plantation was opened on the east coast of Sumatra, but there are now many large tobacco plantations—owned, some by companies, and a few by private individuals. The planters and their assistants are mostly Dutch, English, and Germans, but there are also other nationalities. The labour employed is chiefly Chinese for the planting, cutting, drying, and sorting of the tobacco; Klings for road and drain making; Battaks (natives of Sumatra) for clearing jungle; and Malays and Javanese for shed and house-building. The climate is fairly healthy, and the life, although formerly a little rough and uncivilised, is rapidly becoming far less so since the opening of a fine railway from the port of Delè to Timbang Langkat. Even lawn tennis has been introduced for the benefit of the only three English ladies in the colony.

The photographs are contributed by Mrs. Graham, of Bindjez, Sumatra, and 5, Greenhill Place, Edinburgh.



II.

THERE is no more irritating or unsatisfactory way of reading a novel than in monthly snippets, but the lighter magazines, whose strong point is fiction, seem to have this method of doling out their longer stories forced upon them by their readers. All magazines of this class have one, and many two, novels running through their pages, but *London Society* stands alone in giving three serial stories to its patrons. The three novels are all by well-known authors, but they occupy the greater part of the magazine.—*Cornhill* continues its two stories of Greater Britain, "Eight Days" being especially interesting, though apparently the work of a new hand.—It has been often asserted that the historical novel is dead, but Mr. Val Prinsep is evidently desirous of proving the contrary with his "Virginie," in *Longman's*. The interest is well sustained, but it is very difficult to breathe life into figures one hundred years old.—Mr. W. E. Norris is in the front rank of living novelists, and *Murray* gives a most excellent instalment of his latest novel, "Marcia," which is as fresh and natural as are all of this author's stories.—In *Temple Bar* Miss Broughton continues "Also," which her warmest admirers must regretfully admit is not up to her usual standard; but, as if to make up for this want of interest, Mr. Albany de Fonblanque commences a new novel, "Heiland of Heidelberg," which opens well and strongly, and gives promise of being a story with some backbone and go in it.—"My Shipmate Louise," in *Chambers*, bears a strong family likeness to Mr. Clark Russell's other stories, and is told with plenty of power.

It is interesting to notice every month how the demand and supply for short stories is increasing. The most whimsical story of the month is "His First Experiment" in *Cornhill*, and the prettiest, "Janet," in *Longman's*.—There is also a capital story of a shock in *Time* called "Mitwaterstrand," which is ingeniously worked out; and "Three Offers," in the *Argosy*, is pleasantly told.—In *Macmillan* is one of Rudyard Kipling's wonderful soldier stories, "On Greenhow Hill," in which our excellent friends, Learoyd, Ortheris, and Mulvaney play the principal parts; and "The Unattached Student," which, like so many short stories, has a mournful ending. The same sad note is also very marked in "Eh, but it's Queer Altogether," in *Temple Bar*.—"An Adventure—Quite in the Dark," is an amusing little thief-catching story in *Chambers's Journal*.

Among the articles worth reading are the second part of "The Empire in Mexico," in *Belgravia*, which brings the ill-fated experiment to a close with the murder of the noble and unfortunate Maximilian; "Sedan," in *Cornhill*, which gives an account of the little frontier town that had so terrible a baptism of fire twenty years ago; "Fair Normandy," in the *Argosy*; "John Bull Abroad," and "Whist Spoilers"—the latter a very salutary little paper—in *Temple Bar*; and the "American Tariff," in *Macmillan*.—Both the *Gentleman's Magazine* and *Longman's* have articles on that most excellent, but little-known, sport, otter-hunting. The two papers are worth reading as one, for both of them are instructive and amusing.—"A Glimpse of Osterley Park" and "The Beefsteak Room at the Lyceum," in the *English Illustrated*, are interesting and well-illustrated articles.—*Chambers's* and *All the Year Round* are full of short articles of the popular type.

The military magazines always provide plenty of food for reflection. In the *United Service Magazine* is a remarkably well-written article, "How the Political and Military Power of England is Affected by the Suez Canal," by the late Mr. George Hooper; and articles on "National Insurance," by Lord Charles Beresford and two other officers.—Mr. H. R. Nicholls sends a reply from Tasmania on "Obstacles to Imperial Federation," in which he demolishes the arguments put forward by Mr. Gossip, of New South Wales, in the May number of the magazine. Mr. Nicholls thinks that England will only lose her colonies if the want of moral and national vigour at home plays into the hands of those whose object it is to foment sedition and disgust, and allows loyal men to think that it is useless to fight a battle which is declared to be lost already.

In the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine* there is an amusing story called "Old Bluff's Shot," and articles on "British Battle-Fields in Portugal" and "The American Naval War of 1812," which should be read.—While dealing with military matters, "Invasion or Starvation" in *Murray* must by no means be passed over.

One may be always sure of finding something good in the better-class American magazines. *Harper's* short stories always have a distinctive Yankee flavour, and, this month, "The Revolt of Mother" is the best of them.—"Across the Andes" and "Recent Discoveries of Painted Greek Sculpture," are two excellent and well-illustrated articles; and the drawings for "The Wild Garden" are most exquisitely done.—In the *Century*, the best things are "Our New Naval Guns," "The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson," and "Wells Cathedral."—*Scribner's* is of course a little belated with "A Crown Jewel—Heligoland," but the article is the best that has appeared on the subject; "With Uncle Sam's Blue Jackets Afloat" and "The Country House" are also well worth reading.—*Lippincott's* is delightful in its self-praise. There is an article on a Miss Woods, who contributes the novel to the present number, from which we are glad to learn that "a curled bang of soft brown hair falls lightly, almost flippantly, over that same intellectual brow." After this, it is rather disappointing to find that nothing is said of Mr. Wilde's "bangs" or "brow" in either of the two articles which remind us that he wrote a story called "The Picture of Dorian Gray."—*St. Nicholas* and *Wide-Awake* will be as welcome to the little ones as ever.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the ex-prize-fighter, is enacting the part of a blacksmith in the sensational drama, *Honest Hearts and Willing Hands*. He receives as many bouquets as a *prima donna*.

THE ANGLO-SPANISH SHIPYARD AT BILBAO

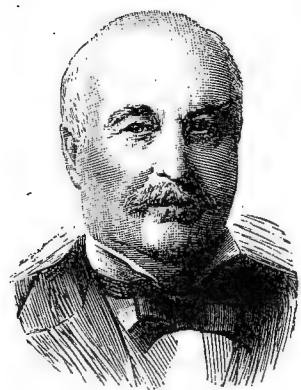
THE growing volume of trade between Bilbao and Great Britain—already, perhaps, the most important from any Continental port—the rapidly increasing English colony there, the new shipyard so quickly developed under British intelligence and skill, give an interest to the town which it has not hitherto possessed for Englishmen.

Beautifully situated in the Cantabrian Mountains, and in the midst of romantic scenery, some eight or nine miles from the mouth



SENOR MARTINEZ RIVAS
One of the Founders

of the River Nervion, lies Bilbao, now, next to Barcelona, the most rising and prosperous town in Spain. Once there was a bit of Old World history about the place which has evidently been outgrown and pushed aside by its modern development. Here and there, in some out-of-the-way corner, the traveller may find still some quaint bit of old Spanish architecture which the mind at once surrounds with romance, and with the loves and wars of hidalgos and grandees, and one fancies that from behind that lattice once peeped the beautiful Spanish maiden, and below beseeched the lover with the inevitable guitar. But, for the most part, the town is French in style, and possesses attractive promenades. Spacious and handsome



SIR CHARLES MARK PALMER,
BART., M.P.
One of the Founders

new streets and boulevards have been constructed, and now, thanks perhaps to the spirit and energy of Señor Emiliano Olanio and a few others, an excellent new opera-house has been recently opened with great success; in fact, on every side there are signs of increasing refinement, culture, wealth, and luxury. It may also interest some of our readers to know that race meetings have recently been established at Bilbao, and a capital course secured by a number of gentlemen; especially active and indefatigable amongst them have been two English residents, Mr. Augustus and Mr. Charles Levison. But it is not on this side of its social or pleasure life that Bilbao will be likely to interest most Englishmen:

beyond this there is its remarkable industrial expansion. The River Nervion now is approaching the Tyne or the Clyde in commercial activity—over four millions of tons of iron ore are annually exported from it, about three millions of which come to Great Britain. The ore is easily and readily procured from the neighbouring hills, and is, indeed, the real source of the exceptional prosperity of the whole district. From Great Britain alone the mine owners and merchants of Bilbao must receive yearly at least a million sterling for what costs them nothing beyond the labour of quarrying and the small cost of carriage to the river; it is like exporting mother earth. This wonderful mineral wealth has also enabled the Bilbaños to found large

iron works on the river, where the best of English machinery is at work, and often some of the best English skill employed. Less than two years ago, on the west bank of the river, about three miles from its mouth, were established, by Sir Charles Palmer, of Newcastle, and Señor Martinez Rivas, of Bilbao, the Asbilleros del Nervion (the dockyards of the Nervion), from which was launched, on August 30th, the cruiser *La Infanta Maria Terese*, of which ceremony we give an illustration to-day.

These shipyards doubtless owe their origin to the fact of the Spanish Government offering in 1888 the contracts for three first-class cruisers on condition that they should be built in Spain. Messrs. Martinez Rivas and Palmer agreed to the conditions, and obtained the contract. Since that time complete shipyards, with engine works and gun factory, have been constructed; graving docks and rolling mills are more or less advanced. All this has been done on the best principles, and furnished and equipped with the best British machinery. Mr. J. P. Wilson, who was previously at the works of Messrs. Palmer, at Jarro, and with Messrs. J. G. Thompson, on the Clyde, is the manager, and under his able and vigorous superintendence everything has been pushed forward with almost magical swiftness, to the profound astonishment of the Spaniards, who are not accustomed to such go-ahead proceedings. Of course, Mr. Wilson has had the assistance of a number of very able lieutenants, and also of some three hundred English foremen and skilled workmen, who have practically had to train nearly three thousand Spanish labourers to the business. Comment upon such an achievement is unnecessary, and the launch of the first cruiser from the yards on Saturday last was a matter of which all concerned may be proud.

For Spaniards the day will be a memorable one, for beyond the pageant of the occasion there is the solid advantage of having such an important and large industry established on their soil. The launch was witnessed by between 30,000 and 40,000 people, whose enthusiasm seemed to be raised to the highest pitch, when the Queen Regent, in the presence of the delighted multitude, cut the ribbon which liberated the gallant ship, and she glided easily and gracefully into the water.

The following are the qualities and dimensions of the *Infanta Maria Terese*:—Length over all, 364 ft.; extreme breadth, 65 ft.; displacement, 7,000 tons. Power, 13,000 horse indicated with forced draught, and 9,000 horse with natural draught, giving a speed of twenty and fifteen knots respectively.

Her armour-plates have been supplied by Messrs. Cammell and Messrs. Brown, of Sheffield.

Her armament will consist of two 28-centimetre Hotchkiss breech-loading rifled guns in barbettes, which are strongly constructed, and armoured with 10½ in. armour; ten 14-centimetre guns carried on

upper-deck; eight 57-millimetre quick-firing Nordenfolt guns; eight 37-millimetre quick-firing Hotchkiss guns; also eight torpedo-tubes—six above and two below water.

The two sister-ships are also now well under way.

Our illustrations are from photographs by F. Wallace, Calle de Bailen 43, Bilbao, and Edg. Debas, 15, Carrera San Geronimo, Madrid.



THE triumph of realism has been finally attained in Messrs. Pettitt and Harris's new military, sporting, and spectacular drama, and a DRURY LANE first-night audience—densely packed from the orchestra barrier to the very back row of the shilling gallery, has been sent away delighted. Some moralists among those who were present at the first performance of *A Million of Money* have improved the occasion with bitter and scornful observations on the decline of the public taste for the higher drama; but these praisers of past times and "censors and castigators" of the new generation take the title which Drury Lane still proudly arrogates to itself a little too seriously. The vast house over which Mr. Harris rules with so much profit to himself and so much satisfaction to his patrons is, no doubt, entitled to be called "the national theatre" by virtue of traditions dating from the days when it enjoyed a monopoly of the legitimate drama; but the truth is, that it is not, and never was, fitted for anything but such elaborate spectacular pieces as those to which it is now judiciously devoted. It was, no doubt, the home of the legitimate drama in the days of Kean, and even in those of Macready, for the simple reason that the legitimate drama was not permitted elsewhere. Hence the possessors of the patent, chiefly intent on reaping the largest possible profit from their monopoly, went on after every successive fire rebuilding the house on a larger and larger scale, till its immense stage became utterly unsuited to any actor who could not "roar like ox at slaughter," and all the finer and more delicate qualities of acting were only to be appreciated by those who sat in the forward rows of the pit, or stalls, as we now should say. The break-up of the monopoly, and, above all, the multiplication of houses of a more manageable size, has happily sent comedy and the poetical drama elsewhere; and thus at Drury Lane the spectacular and romantic drama has become the speciality. Why not? it may be asked. It is a good thing in its way, and one which in its time has, as Milton said of the book "called Tetrachordon," "numbered good intellects." Coleridge did not despise it, nor Scott, nor Hazlitt, though in their days it was a feeble thing compared with the elaborate developments of these later times.

That the scenery of Messrs. Caney and Perkins, backed by the science and art of the stage managers, machinists, and property-masters counts for a large share in the triumph of this latest production of the DRURY LANE management is not to be denied. Why people go wild with delight at seeing a realistic reproduction of the scene of the departure of the Guards from Wellington Barracks, and break forth in tempests of applause at a representation of the Derby, which is as complete and not a bit less animated than the stirring scene itself, is a question which must be left to the psychological inquirer. It is enough that it is so, and that a human passion so deeply-seated and so widely manifested is not to be lightly dismissed as a scandal and a grief to the superfine mind. But if any one affirms that the Drury Lane audience merely feeds the mind, like Aeneas, in Queen Dido's palace, with an empty picture, he must, for truth's sake, be respectfully yet firmly contradicted.

There is a story in Messrs. Pettitt and Harris's play, and a very elaborate story too, involving the doings and sayings of no fewer than twenty-three personages. True, it is not a story that displays any great freshness of invention. It is only the old tale of the young husband led astray by the designing villain, who owes him a grudge because the young husband has carried off the bride whom his tempter has marked for his own. When Mr. Charles Warner, in the character of Harry Dunstable, suddenly comes into a million of money, and weakly permits himself to be drawn into the wasteful whirlwinds of the Turf by racing rascals; when we find his sweet little wife, in the person of Miss Millward, heartbroken, yet proudly resentful, at her husband's flirtations with the wicked Mrs. St. Clair in the stately person of Miss Alice Lingard; when Mr. Herbert Standing as Major Belgrade the tempter, tall, robust, erect, with iron-grey hair, stands aside and smiles at the ruin he has made; when hero and heroine, estranged by these deadly machinations, part for evermore—which means till the authors think it time to come to the dénouement and show the husband rescued from the wreck and the reef in the Indian Ocean, and restored to the arms of the forgiving and faithful wife, whom he has never really ceased to love—when all this and much more of the same sort has been presented to our eyes and ears, we seem indeed to have fallen on familiar ways. Still there are dramatic and moving situations, and there is a fair amount of interest in the ebb and flow of the tale. Occasionally there is even a fresh touch of nature. It is sometimes of the mildly humorous kind, as when Miss Fanny Brough and Mr. Harry Nicholls, in their respective characters of the parson's niece and the young student who inclines to prefer the music hall artist's profession to the Church, fall out and kiss, and kiss and fall out, till their manifest matrimonial destiny is fulfilled. At others it takes a more sombre and impressive form, as in Mr. Charles Glenney's really powerful impersonation of the broken-down first husband of Mrs. St. Clair, who dies of the excitement of denouncing the wickedness of the woman to whom he attributes the ruin of his life. After all, there is far more vitality and truth in this spectacular drama than in the sham historical episodes and conventional characterisation of such a play as *The Royal Oak*, which was about this time last year occupying the same stage. If the new piece can be compressed into something less than the unconscionable space of four hours and a quarter, it may safely be counted upon to hold on a prosperous way to the threshold of the pantomime season.

Last week Mr. Thomas Thorne and his company received at the Hastings Gaiety Theatre, where they have been playing in a round of popular pieces from the VAUDEVILLE repertory, a noteworthy compliment. The piece on the occasion was *Miss Tomboy*, and among the audience present were forty of the lady cricketers engaged just then in playing a two-days' match there, who appeared in their cricketing costumes.

THE ANNUAL ECCLESIASTICAL AND EDUCATIONAL ART EXHIBITION, which is now an established accompaniment of the Church Congress, will be held this year in the Artillery Barracks, Hull, which is within a short distance of the Congress Hall. As usual, there will be a special department for a Loan Collection. Loans are solicited of ancient and modern goldsmiths' and silver-smiths' work, ecclesiastical furniture, paintings, and drawings, photographs, books, and MSS., and the clergy of the diocese are particularly appealed to for the loan of Communion Plate, and other articles of archaeological interest belonging to their churches. Full particulars will be given, on application, by the manager, Mr. John Hart, Maltravers House, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.

THE GRAPHIC



THE SEEDLINGS



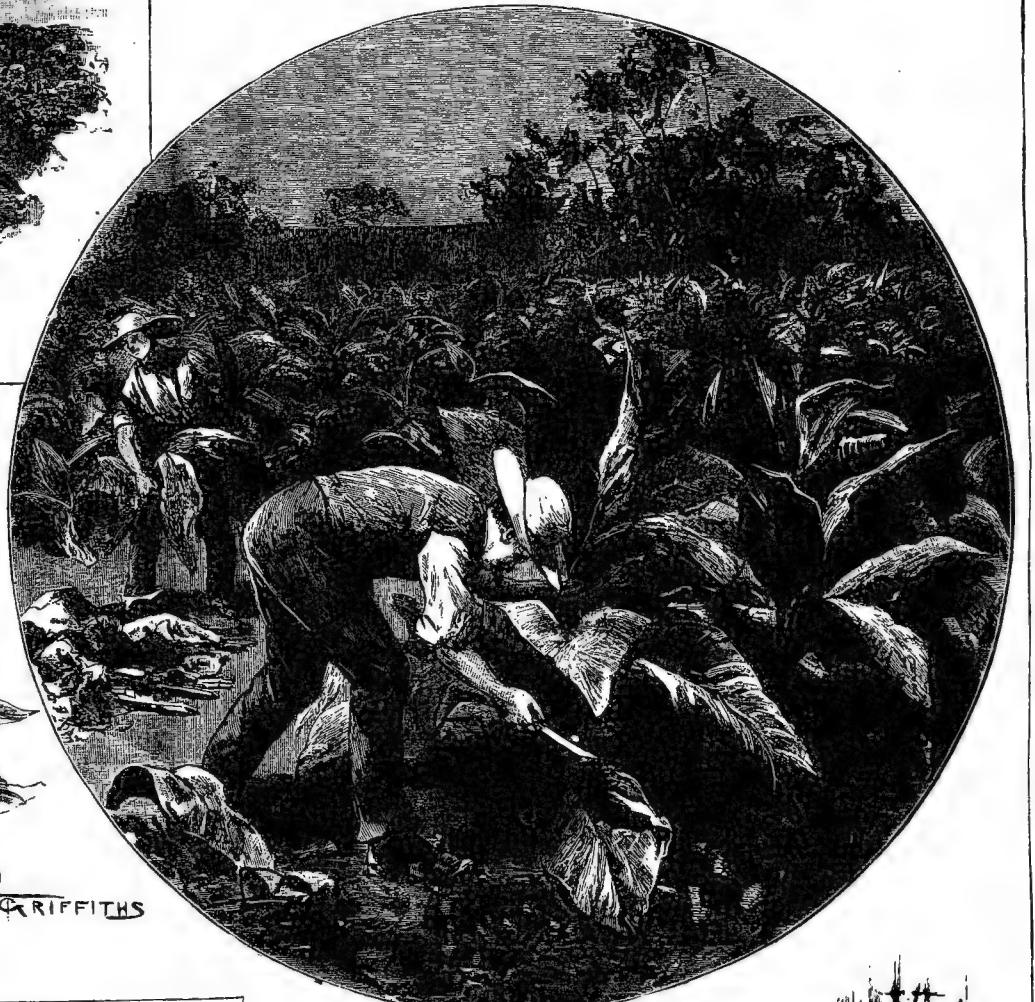
TRANSPLANTING



HOEING



TOPPING



GATHERING THE CROP

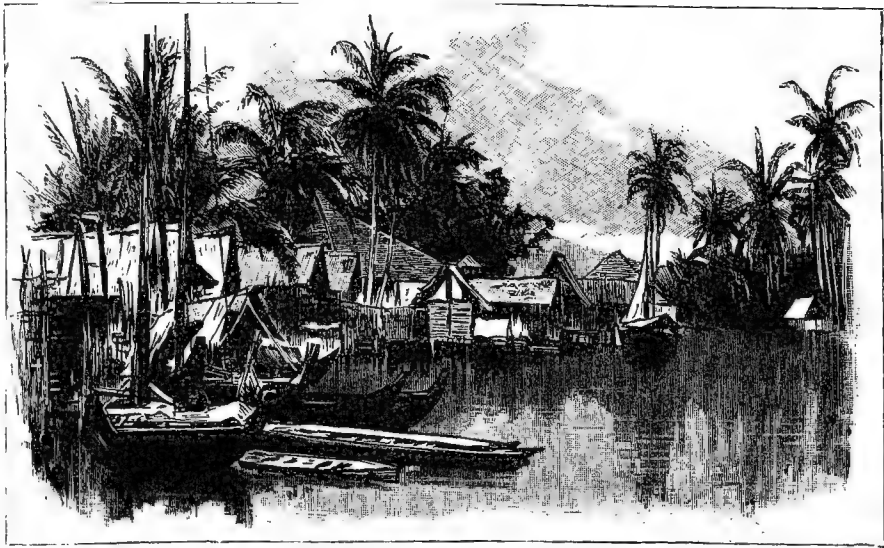


BINDING IN "HANDS"

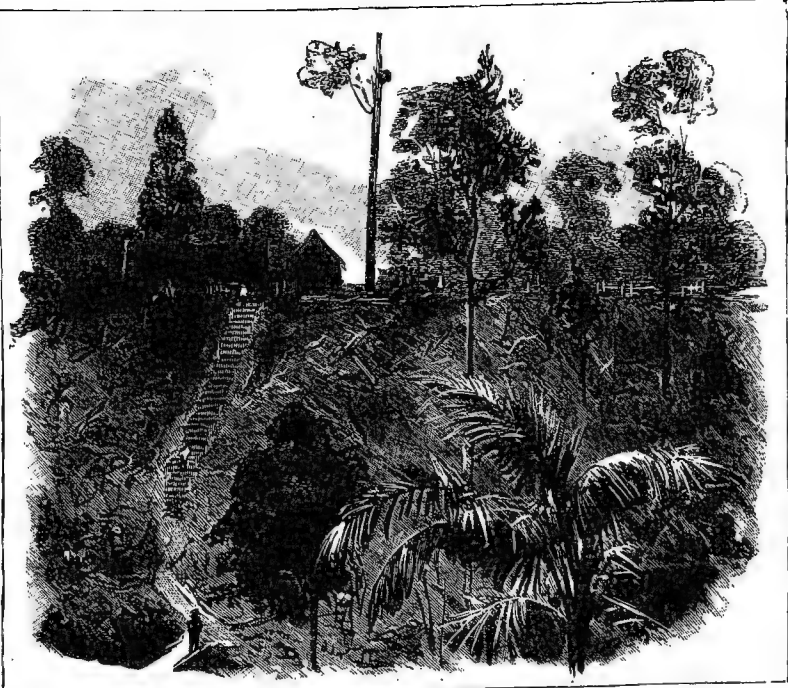


DRYING THE CROP

THE CULTIVATION OF TOBACCO IN ENGLAND



MALAY NATIVE VILLAGE, ON THE EAST COAST OF SUMATRA



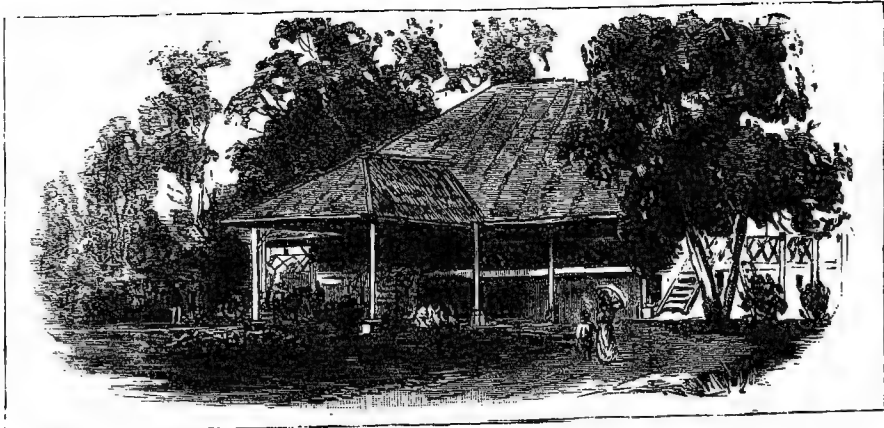
JUNGLE-CUTTING ON A HIGH-LYING TOBACCO ESTATE, PREPARATORY TO PLANTING



ROAD MAKING, AND DRAINING THE LAND



JAVANESE LABOURERS STACKING RICE, THE CROP WHICH IS GROWN AFTER THE TOBACCO IS CUT



A PLANTER'S HOUSE



DRYING SHEDS



THE GROWING CROP

THE CULTIVATION OF TOBACCO IN SUMATRA

THE GRAPHIC

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THE authorship of the sensational "Coulisses du Boulangisme," which have lately been appearing in the *Figaro*, is now avowed by M. Mermeix, the Deputy for the Seventh Arrondissement of Paris. M. Mermeix has been acting on behalf of the Secessionists in the Boulangist camp who are anxious to keep alive the Revisionist propaganda in France, without, however, acknowledging the leadership of General Boulanger. The first result of M. Mermeix's avowal was that he was assaulted in the streets of Paris last Sunday by the well-known Anarchist M. Soudey. Following on this has come a crop of challenges. The author of the "Coulisses" has fought one duel, and several others are in preparation. The duel between M. Rochefort and M. Thiébaud, arising out of the same revelations, has been fought on the Dutch and Belgian frontier. M. Rochefort is said to have made a desperate attack on his adversary, but no serious wounds were inflicted, and, after three or four scratches with the rapiers, honour was declared satisfied. The publication of the "Coulisses" continues. The instalment which appeared last Saturday gave an interesting account of the struggle between the *vieux jeu* Royalists and their *fin de siècle* colleagues over the Boulangist alliance. The Comtesse de Paris is alleged to have confirmed her husband's disposition to treat with the Revisionists by the remark, "I don't like people who are always going to do something to-morrow. One may die in exile with people of that description." The most sensational incident in this batch of "Coulisses" is an account of an interview between M. Dillon and the Comte de Paris in London. M. Dillon wanted to be assured that the Royalists would place an unlimited credit at the disposal of the Boulangists, but was not successful in obtaining a promise to that effect. On Wednesday a further instalment appeared, giving particulars of how a sum of 3,000,000 francs was supplied to the Boulangists by the Duchesse d'Uzès. M. Drumont has published a statement in which he asserts that Baron de Hirsch advanced a sum of 200,000 francs to the Revisionists.

The most important event of the week has been the passing of the new Tariff Bill by the UNITED STATES Senate. The McKinley Bill, as it is called, is the most severe Protectionist measure ever enacted in any country. It has been described as a declaration of war against all foreign manufactured imports, and, as far as can be judged by the rather confusing accounts of the debates which have been telegraphed across the Atlantic, this is not an exaggerated description. Of its precise scope, it is impossible to give a very detailed idea, as since the Bill was originally drafted it has been amended and re-amended by every one of the many interests it affects. Its object is a double one. On the one hand it aims at the efficient protection of all native industries, and on the other it attempts to make the duties so high that no revenue whatever will be obtainable from them. In this way it is hoped to get rid of the incubus of an ever-increasing surplus in the exchequer. The views of economists on the Bill are somewhat conflicting. Mr. Blaine announces that it will inaugurate in the United States a period of commercial and industrial prosperity unprecedented in the history of the world. Mr. Goldwin Smith, in an article in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine* declares that it will be the ruin of Protection, "the night before the dawn."

Of the Continental Autumn Manœuvres, only those of the Germans have as yet made any display. The German Fleet has been reviewed by the Kaiser at Kiel in the presence of an Austrian squadron and many thousands of spectators on the shore. The review passed off splendidly, and the harbour presented a brilliant spectacle. The Kaiser afterwards proceeded to Flensburg, where he reviewed the Ninth Army Corps. On Sunday he inspected the Evolutionary Squadron at Gravenstein. Throughout his tour of Schleswig-Holstein His Majesty has been enthusiastically received. The Emperor of Russia and other members of the Imperial family arrived at Lutsk in Volhynia on Monday, in order to be present at the manœuvres of the Russian Army; and the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria is at Teschen watching the manœuvres of the First Austrian Army Corps. There will be manœuvres in France very shortly.

The Armenian Question has again reached a state of crisis. Last week we were enabled to chronicle improved relations between the Porte and the Patriarch; this week all the old tension has been revived. At an Extraordinary Council of Ministers, held at Yildiz Kiosk, the demands of the Patriarch relating to ecclesiastical privileges and the condition of his co-religionists in Asiatic Turkey were discussed. After prolonged deliberation the Council resolved to return the Memorandum to the Patriarch, with the intimation that the demands therein formulated were inopportune. Mgr. Achikian then sent the Memorandum back to the Porte, accompanied by a letter, stating that it was the first time that the Government had taken the extreme step of returning an official document of the Patriarchate, and declining to accept any responsibility for the grave consequences which such a course of action might bring about. On Tuesday an Imperial Irade was promulgated ordering the appointment of another Commission to inquire into the Armenian grievances; but it is not expected that it will come to any practical result. Meanwhile further outrages are reported from Armenia. Crops belonging to Armenians have been set on fire by the Kurds in several places in the provinces.

Floods and hurricanes of a very grave character are again reported from various parts of the Continent, especially from Austria and Italy. The ancient city of Prague is the chief sufferer, although losses of lives and property are reported from many other districts. At Prague, among other damage, the old stone bridge over the Moldau has been carried away by the furious waters, and a large number of people drowned. The bridge was one of the oldest historic monuments in Bohemia. It was erected between 1350 and 1509, and consisted of sixteen arches, with two massive towers at each end. The buttresses are adorned with groups of statuary, of which the best known is the statue of St. John of Nepomuk, the patron saint of Bohemia. The arch bearing this statue is still standing, but in great danger. From this bridge, as the legend goes, John of Nepomuk was thrown into the river in 1393, by command of King Wenzel, to whom he refused to betray the secrets of his wife's confession. The disaster has caused the most painful sensation at Prague, and the newspapers publish articles bewailing the destruction of the bridge, which for centuries has been "a monument of the glorious history of Bohemia and a sacred symbol regarded with veneration by every true son of the Czech nation." All over Austria travelling has been seriously impeded by the floods, which are also reported from various parts of Germany. Over 50,000 people are said to have been ruined by them. Curiously enough floods on a destructive scale are also reported from Senegambia, where a whole town has been washed away.

While water has been devastating one region, fire has been wreaking destruction in another. A large portion of the ancient and interesting city of SALONICA, the capital of Macedonia, has fallen a prey to the flames. The fire broke out through the bursting of a spirit-still in the Jewish quarter. This part of the town

was densely populated, and the houses being constructed of the most combustible materials, which had been rendered still more inflammable by the recent hot, dry weather, the flames, fanned by a high north wind, rapidly spread from building to building. The conflagration spread with such rapidity that square after square was reached by the fire. The mosque of St. Sophia, almost as fine a building as that of the same name at Constantinople, of which it was a model on a smaller scale, was burned to the ground, as also was the Byzantine church. In the latter were stored the Government archives, with manuscripts and old records dating back three hundred years. All these were destroyed, only a few land titles being saved. The loss is irreparable. The British Consulate was also gutted, though the archives were got out safely. The Greek Consulate, the Greek Bishop's palace, the Metropolitan Church, containing valuable altar plate, and seven synagogues were in turn destroyed. The fire also consumed the Greek hospital, where thirteen of the inmates perished. The conflagration extended over an area of 250 acres, and raged unchecked for twelve hours, when it burned itself out, leaving a bare and blackened space, shaped like a triangle. Over 18,000 persons are homeless, and being mostly of the poorest Jewish classes, are utterly destitute. A Relief Committee has been formed at the Mansion House, and an appeal issued by the Lord Mayor.

Public interest in AFRICAN affairs has not been very pronounced during the week. But for a sturdy anti-English agitation carried on by the Portuguese Progressist newspapers, there would be scarcely anything to chronicle under this head. The dissatisfaction of the Portuguese with the treaty recently concluded with England seems to be increasing. Tumultuous public meetings have been held at Lisbon and Oporto, at which the Treaty was vigorously condemned. It is said that some members of the Government party have joined in the agitation of the Progressists.—Dr. Peters has made a speech on Uganda, in which he declares that German influence will always be uppermost in that kingdom. It is announced that the explorer has now definitely entered the German Imperial service.—News from the East Coast gives an interesting account of Italian enterprise. Emigration to Massowah is being encouraged, a tram line is projected, and even villas are being built.—The French Government are taking active measures to realise the long-projected Trans-Saharan Railway, and it is announced that the plans will soon be ready.—The only event of importance in South Africa has been the delivery of a vigorous speech by the Cape Premier, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, advocating a South African Union.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The British Mediterranean Squadron has left Toulon, and is now in Italian waters.—A Catholic Social Science Congress has been opened at Liège.—The Bulgarian elections have resulted in a triumphant majority for the Government of M. Stambouloff. The number of Government Deputies returned is 260, while the united Opposition counts only 35 members.—The great strike in Australia continues, but there is a prospect of a collapse; workmen are returning singly to their posts, and the funds of the Unions are getting low. The employers have refused to treat with the strikers, and have been devoting themselves to the organisation of their new Defence League.—New Zealand has refused, by a majority of twelve, to join in the scheme of Australian Federation.

H.H. THE MAHARAJA DULEEP SINGH, G.C.S.I.

AFTER four years' voluntary exile from this country, Du'ee Singh has repented of his foolishness, and been granted Her Majesty's pardon. Brought over from India as a child, he was educated as an English gentleman, and, on reaching what ought to be years of discretion, was granted an estate, and what should have been a sufficient income. For many years he lived the life of a country gentleman, content to hunt and shoot and entertain his numerous friends without troubling his head about India. About four years ago, however, he became discontented with his lot, as gentlemen whose expenditure exceeds their income not infrequently do. He then seems to have become impressed with the idea that he ought to be replaced in the



sovereign position enjoyed by his forefathers in India, and even, in the absurd manifesto which he put forward, demanded the return to him of the "Koh-i-noor." His demands only meeting with ridicule, he betook himself to Russia, where he offered to the Government of the Czar his valuable aid for an invasion of India, and masqueraded as "Patrick Casey," a *soi-disant* renegade Irishman. The Russian Government were polite, but nothing more, and lately His Highness, in disgust, betook himself to Paris. There he was stricken down with paralysis; and, under the influence of illness, and longing to return to the only country in which he has ever felt at home, he made his submission, and was graciously accorded Her Majesty's pardon.—Our portrait is from a photograph taken some time ago by Clarke, Bury St. Edmunds. His Highness is now, we understand, a good deal older-looking, and greyer.

TWO ENGLISHMEN travelling in the Caucasus this summer, met with a disagreeable attention at the hands of the authorities. It seems that the central authority had sent instructions to the Governor to facilitate things for a large party of English tourists who were to be expected shortly from St. Petersburg. Some minor officials, who apparently thought instructions as to foreigners could only mean their arrest, promptly stopped the two Englishmen, and sent them back under guard. The party of tourists, who arrived later, travelled unmolested.



THE Highlands are alive with the festivities of the season, in which the Queen is participating to her usual modest extent. Her Majesty was present at the Braemar gathering, together with the Princess of Wales, the Duchesses of Connaught and Albany, and all the Royal children who are staying at Balmoral, and afterwards gave a luncheon to three hundred clansmen in a marquee near the ground. It was remarked that the Queen wore more white in her dress than usual, and seemed to enjoy herself very much. Every day during the past week Her Majesty has driven out industriously. Towards the end of last week Balmoral was enlivened by a concert on a small scale, at which Madame Albani appeared, and on Saturday Signor Corti's orchestra, specially sent over by the Duke of Fife, performed before the Queen. A statement has recently gone the round of the papers, foreign as well as English, that the Queen is arranging for publication the correspondence of the Prince Consort with the late Emperor William (then Prince of Prussia), and the late Emperor Frederick. The *Times* has authority for and the late Emperor Frederick. The statement is wholly without foundation. Equally groundless is the report that the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are about to publish an account of their travels in India and elsewhere.

The Prince of Wales, who returned last week from Homburg, visited Toole's Theatre on Saturday. He has been staying this week at Tranby Croft, near Hull, on a visit to Mr. Arthur Wilson, in order to attend the Doncaster Races. Yesterday (Friday) the Prince left Tranby Croft to join the Princess at Abergeldie, and during his stay in Scotland, which will not exceed a fortnight, he will stay for a few days with his son-in-law, the Duke of Fife, at Mar Lodge. To meet the Prince, a distinguished party have been invited, including Lord and Lady Londonderry, Lord Hartington, Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, and Sir Henry James.—The Duke of Clarence and Avondale is to open the new building of the Liverpool Royal Infirmary on the 29th prox. He will be the guest of Lord Sefton, the Lord-Lieutenant of Lancashire, at Croxteth Hall.—Prince George of Wales is still in Canada, and many social functions have been organised in his honour. At the Quebec Turf Club Races he was enthusiastically received last week.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children left Balmoral last Saturday, and embarked at Aberdeen on board the Royal yacht *Osborne* for Germany to attend the German manœuvres. The Royal party duly arrived at Potsdam, where they are now staying as the guests of Prince and Princess Frederick Leopold of Prussia at the Schloss Glienicke.

The Queen of Roumania, whose sojourn at Llandudno will last until the close of the month, has conveyed to Major Hugh Savage, as chairman of the Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales, her warm appreciation of the cordiality of her reception at Bangor last week, and has desired that the stanzas addressed to her by the Welsh bards may be translated. On Wednesday Her Majesty was present at a gathering of the Welsh literary fraternity at Mostyn Castle, Holywell, a large number of invitations having been sent out by Lord Mostyn, and on the following day she visited Carnarvon, where an address was presented by the Mayor and Corporation. During the week she also visited the galleries at Plas Mawr, Conway, of the Royal Cambrian Academy of Art. Her presence at Llandudno has attracted a large number of visitors, and converted what threatened to be an indifferent into a prosperous season.

Fredensborg, the summer residence of the Danish Royal Family, will again this year be the scene of a large Imperial and Royal gathering. The King of the Hellenes and Prince George of Greece have already arrived at Copenhagen, and the Czar and Czarina are expected shortly.



THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL (From our Special Correspondent) —The 167th Festival of the Three Choirs began at Worcester on Tuesday, but, as usual here, it was preceded by an elaborate service, in which the full Festival chorus and orchestra took part, held in the Cathedral on Sunday morning. The place was crowded, and the gates were closed to all save a privileged few long before the arrival of a procession formed by the Mayor, Aldermen, and Councillors in their robes, and a party of Hussars in uniform. The service-music was judiciously chosen: it including a new and quite unambitious "Festival" Jubilate in A, by Mr. Hugh Blair, deputy organist of the Cathedral; the "Old Hundredth," the *Venite*, sung to Crotch's chant in A; the Psalms sung to a chant in D by the last-century Irish composer Dr. Richard Woodward; the majestic *Te Deum*, written by Sir John Goss after the recovery from illness of the Prince of Wales; Mozart's motet "Splendete Te Deus" (originally written for the *King Thamus* music), sung to English words, beginning "O God, where Thou appearest"; and the symphony to the second part of Spohr's *Last Judgment*. Goss's *Te Deum* was orchestrated for the occasion by Mr. Hugh Blair, but it is only right to say that many would have preferred it in its original form with organ accompaniment. The sermon was preached by the Dean.

In all, no fewer than four special rehearsals have been held for the present Festival. The whole of the principal works were rehearsed by the orchestra at Langham Place on Wednesday and Thursday last week, on Saturday the chorus held their final practice, and the whole of Monday (from ten in the morning till late in the evening) was devoted to full rehearsals. The fact deserves record, as it marks an important reform, so far as the Three Choir Festivals are concerned.

It would, perhaps, have been better if a full rehearsal could have been held of *St. Paul*, with which the festival proper opened on Tuesday morning. The band was not a little rough, while as to the choir an unsteadiness of attack, and the rapid pace at which it was taken by the conductor, militated against the effect of "Stone him to death," "For the Lord He is good," and other favourite choruses. Happily confidence was restored, and nothing but a few slips occurred. Apart from the chorales, which are always favourites, the choruses in the second part of the oratorio went best, particularly as to "How lovely are the messengers," the difficult "Is this he?" which was admirably rendered, and the beautiful "O be gracious, ye immortals." The chorus of the present Festival has been drawn from various parts of England, Worcester itself furnishing only a modest proportion of the total. The local singers have been reinforced by a large party from Gloucester, where a special choir has been trained by Mr. Lee Williams, by certain drafts from Hereford and Cardiff, and by a fine choir of about eighty voices from the Leeds Philharmonic Society, which forms the nucleus of the famous Leeds Festival Choir. This splendid body of Yorkshire vocalists have taken a very active part in the present Festival; and

at the evening performance of secular music in the Public Hall, on Wednesday, they will form the whole of the chorus employed. Little need be said in regard to the performance of the solos on Tuesday. Mr. Lloyd and Madame Albani resumed the parts which they undertook at the recent Festival representation of *St. Paul* at the Crystal Palace, Miss Damiani was the contralto, and Mr. Plunket Greene, despite nervousness and exaggeration, made a fairly successful Festival debut in the baritone music.

On Tuesday evening the first two parts of Haydn's *Creation* and Mr. Lee Williams' *Bethany* were performed in the cathedral. *Bethany*, a devotional, not unduly ambitious, but highly effective composition, was produced at Gloucester last year. It contains a good deal of choral work, including a chorale, a capital hymn, and fine chorus, with a refrain somewhat akin to that in a Litany; besides several solos, notably "All that I have is Thine, my God," which was delivered by Madame Albani. On Tuesday night the celestial choir was placed in the Lady Chapel, at the east end of the Cathedral, and the effect of the voices reverberating through the whole body of the church from the extreme end of the building opposite the orchestra was remarkably fine.

In regard to the rest of the Festival performances notice necessarily be withheld until next week. It need only now be said that Wednesday morning was devoted to a mixed programme, including Mozart's *Requiem*, Beethoven's C minor symphony, Spohr's cantata, "God, Thou Art Great," Bach's "Stronghold sure," and Weber's "Jubilee" cantata, and that in the evening the only secular concert was given in the Public Hall, Dr. Parry being then announced to conduct *St. Cecilia's Day*, and the programme including Mr. Harford Lloyd's musically eight-part unaccompanied chorus *To Morning*, and a new concert overture, *Froissart*, by Mr. Edward Elgar. On Thursday morning the principal novelty of the Festival, that is to say, Professor Bridge's dramatic oratorio, the *Repentance of Aeneas*, was announced to be produced, and, judging from the rehearsal, it is, at any rate as a choral effort, likely to be considered the most ambitious and dramatic work which has yet been produced from the pen of the organist of Westminster Abbey.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—The programme of the classical concert on Wednesday last week was far more carefully drawn up than its predecessors, and it was not surprising to find that it attracted a larger audience. It included Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony in B minor, Haydn's symphony in G, No. 13, better known as "Letter V"; Sterndale Bennett's *Wood Nymphs* overture; and Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor. The last was undertaken by Miss Annie Grimson, a gifted student of the Royal College of Music, who played the first two movements in a manner which won for her very great credit. Unfortunately, in attempting to play without book, the young lady's memory gave way in the last movement. There was a complete breakdown, and the orchestra had to be stopped while the music was fetched. The accident was deplorable, chiefly for the sake of a highly-promising young artist, but otherwise it will emphasise the warning more than once given against the folly of attempting to play concerted music without book. On Friday Haydn's *Farewell* Symphony was performed for the second time this season, and on Saturday the "Italian" symphony was given. On Monday Mr. Sims Reeves made the first of a series of six farewell performances at these concerts, singing "Come into the Garden, Maud" and "The Bay of Biscay," with "My Pretty Jane" and "The Jolly Young Waterman" for encores.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—A capital prospectus for the forthcoming series of Crystal Palace Concerts, which will commence on the 11th prox., has just been issued. Apart from the standard works of the repertory—that is to say, symphonies and concertos by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Schubert, Rubinstein, Spohr, and others—there will be added to the Sydenham repertory Dvorak's new symphony, No. 4; Mr. Edward German's new symphony, No. 2, in E minor; Mr. Cliffe's *Clouds and Sunshine* (originally produced at the Philharmonic Concerts last summer); a new overture, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, by E. S. Smyth; a dramatic overture by Miss Ellicott; a pianoforte concerto by M. Paderewski; and violoncello concertos by Hans Sitt (the famous composer of Prague), and M. Hollman. Prominence will also be given to choral works, amongst them being Dr. Parry's new Norwich cantata *L'Allegro ed Il Penseroso*, Mr. Hamish McCunn's *Cameronian's Dream* (produced in Edinburgh early in the year), Grieg's new scenes from *Olav Trygvason*, for solo, chorus, and orchestra; the third act of *Tannhäuser*, Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, and Berlioz' *La Morte d'Ophélie* (from the set entitled *Tristia*) for female chorus and orchestra. A large party of eminent vocalists and instrumentalists have been engaged.

NOTES AND NEWS.—M. Dubois has been appointed conductor of the season of *opéra comique* in French, which it is proposed to hold between December and April next at Covent Garden. The matter is, however, not yet by any means decided.—The production of M. Audran's *La Cigale*, at the Lyric Theatre, is announced for the 9th prox.—Madame Sophie Menter has arranged a provincial tour, beginning in March next.—The Tonic Sol-Fa Jubilee will be held next year. There will be local celebrations in various towns in the United Kingdom, and a great Festival at the Crystal Palace, at which will be given three concerts supported severally by 5,000 juvenile, 5,000 provincial, and 5,000 metropolitan members, in all 15,000 vocalists.—Herr Paul de Witt has acquired possession of the clavichord which once belonged to Sebastian Bach.

PEPYS AND HIS BOOKS

To say anything in praise of "Pepys's Diary" would be to gild refined gold or paint the lily. Its merits are so universally recognised by readers, and its value as a truthful picture of the time of Charles II. by historians, that it is needless to add anything by way of commendation. Pepys was not, however, merely an exact and pleasing chronicler, but a writer of more or less serious works, and a book-lover as well. He wrote the "Memoirs Relating to the Royal Navy of England," and a book entitled "A Relation of the Troubles in the Court of Portugal in 1667 and 1668, by S. P.," is generally ascribed to him. A romance written in his youthful days, called "Love a Cheate," he, with his accustomed modesty, destroyed without publishing. He left to Magdalen College a collection of MS. naval memoirs, prints, and ancient English poetry, which has often been overhauled with considerable profit by students and writers. The most valuable part is, perhaps, a collection of English ballads, in five large folio volumes, begun by the learned Selden, to which Bishop Percy was deeply indebted for many of his "Reliques." Sir Walter Scott says of him: "He was a man of business; a man of information, if not of learning; a man of taste; a man of whim; and, to a certain degree, a man of pleasure. He was a statesman, a *bel-espri*, a *virtuoso*, and a connoisseur. His curiosity made him an unwearied as well as an universal learner, and whatever he saw found its way into his tables."

Not the least interesting portions of his "Diary" are those which relate to books and bookmen. At the time the "regicides" were being hung and quartered at Charing Cross and elsewhere, Pepys describes a party at the house of Lilly, the astrologer and almanac-maker, where he met Ashmole, the antiquarian, and other ingenious gentlemen. The same day he saw "one of the glasses which carry the light a great way, good to read in bed by, and I intend to have one of them." Many of the books he read in bed and out of it would not have been scorned by such a fastidious book-lover as Charles Lamb.

On December 10th, 1663, there is the following entry: "To St. Paul's Churchyard to my bookseller's, and could not tell whether to lay out my money for books of pleasure, as plays, which my nature was most earnest in; but, at last, after seeing Chaucer, Dugdale's 'History of St. Paul's,' Stow's 'London,' Gesner's 'History of Trent,' besides Shakespeare, Jonson, and Beaumont's plays, I at last chose Dr. Fuller's 'Worthies,' the 'Cabbala,' or Collection of Letters of State, and a little book, 'Delices de Hollande,' with another little book or two, all of good use or serious pleasure; and 'Hudibras,' both parts, the book now in greatest fashion for drollery, though I cannot, I confess, see enough where the wit lies." Just twelve months before this date he had bought a copy of "Hudibras," and he says: "It cost me 2s. 6d. But when I came to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the wars that I am ashamed of it; and by and by, meeting (a friend) at Mr. Townsend's at dinner I sold it to him for 18s." Pepys had associated with many of the leading Republicans before the Restoration, and perhaps he did not like to see his old comrades ridiculed, so, though on pleasure he was bent, he had a frugal mind, and sold it again at a reduced price. Perhaps he learned afterwards to appreciate the humour and satire of Butler. He met him at dinner some few years after this, and left it on record that the company pleased him "mightily."

Pepys had met with Fuller's "Worthies of England" before, and had read a portion of it. He says he was much troubled that his family was not mentioned "either in Cambridgeshire or Norfolk." He adds, however, with great modesty and candour, "but I believe, indeed, our family were never very considerable." We do not know whether he ever acquired Dugdale's "History of St. Paul's," but several years after the day he saw it at his bookseller's there is this entry in his Diary: "... bought Hooker's 'Polity,' the new edition, and Dugdale's 'History of the Inns of Court,' of which there was but a few saved out of the fire." It is well known that the "Diary" gives a minute and interesting account of the Great Fire, and that it is the most life-like contemporary account we possess. The great loss of books during that *annus mirabilis* is sorrowfully noticed. Pepys speaks of the loss in St. Paul's Churchyard as valued at 150,000l., and of several booksellers being "wholly undone," among others, "my poor Kirton." His future bookseller was Martin, and we read of a visit once made to his shop "to receive my book I expected of China, a most excellent book with rare cuts."

The "Ecclesiastical Polity" was a book he had long thought of purchasing. In 1661 we find the following entry:—"Mr. Chetwind fell commending of Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity' as the best book, and the only one that made him a Christian, which puts me upon the buying of it, which I will do shortly." In proof of his toleration and catholicity of taste he also bought the chief work of that first and clearest of modern philosophers, Hobbes of Malmesbury. "To my bookseller's for Hobbes's Leviathan, which is now mightily called for; and what was heretofore sold for 8s. I now give 24s. at the second-hand, and is sold for 30s., it being a book the Bishops will not let be printed again."

Leigh Hunt tells us how he used to wander about the fields of North London reading his favourite volumes. "The affectation of a book at noonday," as Charles Lamb terms it, has been fairly popular with bookworms, and one meets with the following entry with a feeling of pleasant surprise. "To walk all day in the fields behind Grayes Inne, making an end of reading over my dear 'Faber Fortune' of my Lord Bacon." Much has been written on the reading habits of famous men. Johnson, with his book wrapped in the table-cloth, Gray lying on his couch perusing French novels, Shelley reading while steering his boat on the Arno, are familiar instances. Pepys, as we have seen, used to read in bed and in the fields. He had another experience, too, either during the enjoyment of a book, or immediately after, which is best described in his own words. "After supper, and reading a little, and my wife's cutting off my hair short, which is grown too long upon my crown of my head, I to bed."

The works of Hobbes and Bacon were no doubt included by "the gentle Elia" in his catalogue of "books which are no books—*biblia a-biblia*," philosophical and scientific treatises, and other wolves in sheep's clothing. "But," continues Lamb, in beautiful language, "where a book is at once both good and rare—where the individual is almost the species, and when that perishes

We know not where is that Promethean torch
That can its light re-lumine.

such a book, for instance, as 'The Life of the Duke of Newcastle,' by his Duchess—no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable to honour and keep safe such a jewel." This is praise, indeed—excessive according to many critics—of the curious book in question, but Pepys surely errs on the wrong side in his estimate of the Duchess's work. This is his account:—"In favour of my eyes staid at home reading the ridiculous history of my Lord Newcastle wrote by his wife, which shows her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman."

On August 12th, 1667, there is an entry of the purchase of Reginald Scott's "Discourse of Witches"—one of the first books written to oppose the absurd notions then prevalent as to witchcraft. While waiting in the shop for it Pepys saw the Bishop of Winchester, who lamented the recent death of Cowley, and considered him as the best poet of "our nation and as good a man." This was the year of the publication of "Paradise Lost," and it might be said that the contemporary opinion was on the side of Waller, who used the famous, or infamous, words, "The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the Fall of Man; if its length be not considered as its merit, it has no other."

Neither was Shakespeare considered so superior to all other poets as he is to-day. Pepys went so far as to say that *Macbeth* is a "pretty good play" and a "most excellent play for variety," and with *Hamlet* he was "mightily pleased;" but the *Midsummer Night's Dream* he considered a "most insipid, ridiculous play," and *The Taming of the Shrew* "a silly play and an old one."

While going to Deptford by water he read *Othello*, which, he says, "I heretofore considered a mighty good play, but having so recently read *The Adventures of Five Hours*, it seems a mean thing." The latter play, which Pepys also saw acted, was a translation by Sir George Tuke from the Spanish of Calderon.

With his friend and fellow-author and diarist Evelyn he kept up a correspondence on books and other pleasures common to both. He was not, however, to enjoy his books and collections in peace. His eyesight had troubled him for years, and he makes frequent reference to the sad fact. Once, after his remarks on the Duchess of Newcastle's book, he says, "So to bed, my eyes being very bad; and I know not in the world to abstain from reading." He feared the early approach of that time when, in the grand words of Milton,

The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave

and his diary ends with the pathetic words, "And so I betake myself to that course which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave, for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!" How similar pany my being blind, the good God prepare me!" How similar are the words of Milton, in "Samson Agonistes," published two years after Pepys's last entry!

To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried; but O, yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave!

W. W.



THE GERMAN EMPRESS has been appointed Honorary Colonel of the 86th Schleswig-Holstein Regiment.

THE FRENCH MINISTER OF WAR has decided, in case of war, that the men employed in the coal mines shall be dispensed from military service for a period of forty days, in order that a sufficient stock of coal may be secured to ensure proper railway service during the whole of the campaign.

COUNT TOLSTOI is now quite recovered from his recent indisposition. He attributes his recovery to the regimen of koumiss, prescribed and prepared by a baschkir from Samara. Count Tolstoi, who for the present remains on his estate near Tula, is busily engaged upon a new literary work.

THERE ARE MORE PUBLIC HOLIDAYS IN HONOLULU than in any other city in the world. Among the days observed are Queen Victoria's Birthday, Coronation Day, all the French and Portuguese holidays, the American Thanksgiving Day, and the Chinese New Year. The Hawaiians also have a number of public holidays of their own, and have borrowed a few from the Japanese.

A SINGULAR STORY is told by the master of the sailing ship *Zinnel* recently at Singapore. When the ship was off the island of St. Paul's one of the sailors accidentally fell overboard. Every effort was made to rescue the man, but before the boat, which was immediately lowered, could reach him, a number of albatrosses had pounced upon his head, and with their ponderous beaks pecked him to death.

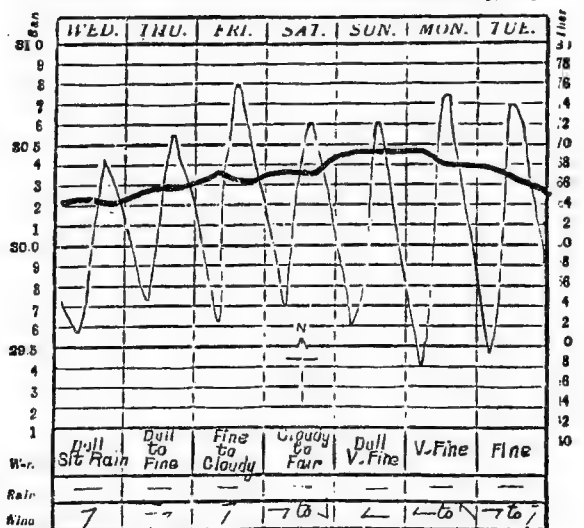
THE TOWN OF SARATOW, in the south-east of Russia, has just sustained a serious loss; it has lost a river—the River Volga. The water of the river has for some time past been deserting the right arm of the stream upon which Saratow is built, and flowing exclusively in the left arm, which is about a mile and a quarter distant from the town. The former bed of the stream is now quite dry, and is used as a road to convey the passengers and goods which arrive by the steamer to the town. It has been decided that it is necessary to connect the town with the left arm of the stream by a bridge, the construction of which will cost about 50,000l.

LONDON MORTALITY.—The return of the Registrar-General for the week ended September 6 states that 2,469 births and 1,513 deaths were registered in London during the week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 247 below, while the deaths exceeded by 85, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The annual death rate per 1,000 from all causes, which had been 19.2 and 19.6 in the preceding two weeks, declined last week to 17.8. During the past ten weeks of the current quarter the death rate averaged 18.5 per 1,000, being 1.0 per 1,000 below the mean rate in the corresponding periods of the ten years 1880-89. No death from small-pox was registered during the week, and deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs, while 15 above the corrected average, further fell last week to 180. Five deaths from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea were recorded.

THE ANNUAL REPORT of the Registrar-General for Ireland in respect of 1889 states that both births and deaths were under the annual average of the preceding ten years, while the marriage rate, absolutely as well as in proportion to the estimated population, was above the average. The population is estimated at 4,730,566, the recorded natural increase of population being converted into a decrease of 45,544 by reason of emigration. The registered births numbered 107,841, and were at the rate of 22.3 per 1,000, which is 1.2 below the average of the ten years 1879-88, and less than the rate of any of those years. Of the provinces, Connaught had the lowest birth-rate and Ulster the highest. The registered number of deaths was 82,908, being 17.5 per 1,000, as compared with an annual average of 18.4 per 1,000 in the previous ten years. The death rate in Connaught was only 12.4 per 1,000, the rates in Munster, Ulster, and Leinster having been respectively 15.1, 16.8, and 18.3 per 1,000 of the population at last census. Of the counties, Dublin had the highest rate, namely, 24.5, and Galway the lowest, 11.8 per 1,000. The marriages in 1889 were 21,521 in number, or 4.55 per 1,000 of population, being 0.35 above the rate of 1888, and 0.28 above the annual average rate of the ten years 1879-88. Of the husbands 78.8 per cent., and of the wives 78.0 per cent. wrote their names in the registers, as compared with the respective proportions of 71.5 and 66.3 per cent. in 1888. The percentage of marriages of minors is very far below the corresponding rates of England and Scotland. The number of emigrants who left Ireland during 1889 was 70,477, or 14.9 per 1,000 of estimated population, 15.5 being the annual average of the preceding ten years.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1890



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (9th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—There has been a great improvement in the weather over our Islands during this period, a large anticyclone, which travelled slowly from the Southward, having covered the whole of our Island, France, and the West of Germany. Fair dry weather has prevailed very generally, with occasional high temperatures over the inland parts of the country. The highest point reached in London was 76° on Friday (5th inst.). The wind has been light and variable, and the rainfall very slight, but occasional wet mists or light fogs have occurred in many places.

The barometer was highest (30.45 inches) on Sunday (7th inst.); lowest (30.22 inches) on Wednesday (3rd inst.); range 0.24 inch.

The temperature was highest (76°) on Friday (5th inst.); lowest (48°) on Monday (8th inst.); range 28°.

No measurable rain has fallen during the period.

THE GRAPHIC

304



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Fireworks every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday.

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The following Military Bands will perform during the week ending September 20th.
Second Battalion Royal Fusiliers.
First Somerset Light Infantry.
First Highland Light Infantry.
Bands Play Daily from 12 noon to 11 p.m.

ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.

The following events will take place during the week.
Ascents of Spencer's Great War Balloon.
For Seats in the Car apply to the Hon. Director Royal Military Exhibition.
Highland Dances and Bagpipe Music by the Pipers of the First Battalion Scots Guards.
Grand Display of Fireworks by Mr. Joseph Wells, of Wandsworth.
Display by the Royal Horse Artillery, Tent Pegging, Lemon Cutting, Tilted at the Ring, Sword Exercise, Sword & Sword, Sword & Lance, Driving Competition, and Balloons M&C.
Grand Gymnastic Display by the Instructors of the Royal Military Gymnasium, Aldershot.

ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.

Saturday, September 20th.
Mr. SPENCER'S BENEFIT.

Three Ballon Races.
Grand Balloon Race between the Great War Balloon, 60,000 cubic feet capacity, carrying 8 passengers. Aeronaut, Auguste E. Spencer.
The Royal Military Exhibition Balloon, 30,000 cubic feet capacity, carrying 3 passengers. Aeronaut, Arthur E. Spencer.
The "Midget" Balloon, 12,000 cubic feet capacity, under the management of Lady Aeronaut, Miss Marina Spencer.
During the afternoon frequent Ascents of Pilot Balloons, Comic Figure Balloons.
A Small Parachute Descent, and Distributions of Small Balloons to Children in the Arena.
For Seats in the Car apply to the Hon. Director Royal Military Exhibition.
6.30 p.m. Highland Dances, &c., by the Pipers of the First Scots Guards.
7.30 p.m. Grand Display of Fireworks.

ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.

Omnibuses every five minutes from Sloane Square and South Kensington Stations.

Steamboats from all Piers to Victoria Pier, opposite the Main Entrance.
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Admission to the Exhibition, 1s.; 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.
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"GREAT MARLOW." B. W. LEADER, A.R.A.
"DOVES." J. W. GREUZE.
"HOME FROM THE HONEYMOON." S. E. WALLER.
"PARTHENIA." T. E. APPLETON.
"THE VILLAGE WEDDING." LUKE FILDERS.
"RICHMOND CASTLE." DAVID LAW.

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THE STRIKE AT SOUTHAMPTON assumed a very serious aspect on Tuesday, when, for the first time during the industrial civil war now unhappily raging in many parts of the country, the military were called in to aid the civil power. Considerable concessions having been made by the employers, things became embittered by the appearance on the scene of a Mr. Sprow, from London, who, in conjunction with a Mr. Sprague, the secretary of the local union, ordered a strike for Monday, just when harmony between masters and men was being restored. The two agitators had set the example of violence by resisting, on Sunday afternoon, a watchman, who did his duty by barring their way into one of the docks, and, on Monday, a general strike of all sorts and conditions of men employed in them began. Relays of pickets and watchers were engaged in preventing non-unionists from entering the docks. On Monday morning all vans intending to pass in were turned back, and permanent workmen issuing from the docks at meal-time were prevented from re-entering them by a large number of angry strikers and others, in presence of whom the police were paralysed. The aspect of affairs became so threatening that after a special meeting of the Corporation military aid was asked for and sent from Portsmouth, 250 men and twelve officers arriving at Southampton at 8 P.M. They were marched to Canute Road, where was assembled a disorderly mob, infuriated by having been drenched with water from a fire-engine. Soldiers and police began driving the crowd back, so as to clear the road between the railway

IN AN ELABORATE ACCOUNT, evidently authorised, of the programme of the great Shipping Federation, the formation of which was chronicled in this column last week, a pregnant statement is made as to the employment of non-union men in the shipping-trade and generally. At all seaports there are to be opened registers on which will be enrolled the names of non-unionists or "moderate" unionists, willing to take up work whenever their services may be required. These registers will not be actually kept by the Federation, but it will encourage the keeping of them by "Free Labour Agents," of whom it appears there is an unsuspected number throughout the country, though, for obvious reasons, they do not court publicity. The Labour Agents, it is added, are ready to undertake the supply of any number of non-unionist workmen at almost a moment's notice, provided there are guarantees that they receive adequate support and protection from employers.

THE EARL OF ROSSLYN died on Saturday last, in his fifty-seventh year, at Dysart House, Fife. He was well known on the Turf—he had been, since 1875, a member of the Jockey Club—and as a cultivator of literature. Among his *vers de société* was a stinging epigram on Charles Greville and his memoirs. His ode on the Queen's Jubilee was published by Her Majesty's command; he was an occasional contributor of verse to *Blackwood*, and he delivered a striking speech at the unveiling of Lord Byron's statue in the gardens of Hamilton Place, abutting on Hyde Park, in May, 1880. Lord Rosslyn was a staunch Conservative, and in 1859, as Lord Loughborough, unsuccessfully contested Fifeshire. In 1878 he was appointed to represent Her Majesty at the marriage of the King of Spain. From 1874 to 1881 he was annually High Commissioner to

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her sixty-first year, of Miss Marianne North (a portrait of whom we published on November 10th, 1883), the accomplished artist, botanist, and traveller, a daughter of the late Mr. Frederick North, M.P., whose admirable paintings of the *flora* of the four continents and of Australasia she presented to the nation, erecting for them the picturesque house so well known to all visitors to Kew Gardens, and to add to which she undertook a final journey to South America, the cause of a long and fatal illness; in his eighty-sixth year, of Mr. John Ward, formerly Minister-Resident to the Hanse Towns, after doing much commercial, political, and consular work in Germany for the British Government, in early life Inspector of Prisons, and for some time Secretary to the New Zealand Colonisation Committee, co-operating with his uncle, Dr. Arnold, and Archbishop Whately in their reforming labours, as well as contributing to the *Edinburgh Review*, and author of a volume of "Experiences," which throws light on an interesting period of German politics; in his twenty-first year, from consumption, on returning from Madeira, of the Hon. Charles Wood, eldest son of Viscount Halifax; in his seventy-sixth year, of General Arthur T. Phillpotts, Colonel-Commandant Royal Artillery, son of the late Henry Phillpotts, D.D., Bishop of Exeter; in his eighty-first year, of Major-General William B. Langford, late of the Royal Marines, who saw much active service, particularly distinguishing himself in the Maori War of 1846; in his eighty-eighth year, of the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Roman Catholic Bishop of Dromore; in his sixty-fifth year, of the Rev. Robert Maguire, D.D., Rector of St. Olave's, Southwark, and for several years a Member of the London School Board, who, many years ago, when Vicar of Clerkenwell, was celebrated for his anti-Romanist fervour, and had been all along a zealous advocate of the temperance cause; in his seventieth year, of Mr. William J. Maccarthy, formerly Registrar-General of Ceylon; in his seventy-third year, of Mr. Alfred T. Bowser, the well-known Secretary and Manager of the Whittington Life Assurance Company, a staunch Liberal and Temperance advocate, for many years a Deacon of Mare Street Chapel, who did valuable parochial work in the Hackney district; in his eighty-first year, of Mr. Alderman Dennehy, of Dublin, who before Catholic Emancipation was proposed by O'Connell as a member of the Catholic Association, and had since been a member of every Irish National organisation of an open kind; in his seventieth year, of Mr. Joseph Wood, well known in the musical and operatic circles of a past generation; and of Mrs. Mary Mackellar, the Highland poetess, who translated into Gaelic the Queen's "More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands."

A black and white illustration of three men in a mountainous landscape. One man in the foreground, wearing a hat and a backpack, points towards a large rock face. The rock face has the words "ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION" carved into it. Two other men are visible in the background, one sitting and one standing, both holding walking sticks. The scene is set against a backdrop of jagged mountains and a cloudy sky.

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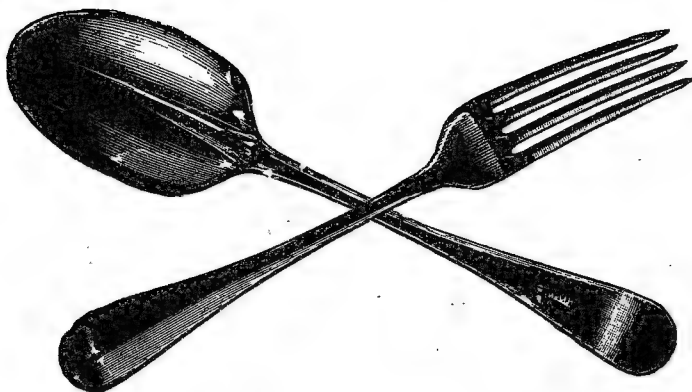
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ENTRAPPING ANIMALS

BY A HINDOO

THERE are various modes of entrapping animals practised in different parts of the world. For instance, there is the well-known method of capturing wild elephants in India by driving them into a kheddah, or pit. In Travancore, the State and private persons have about a thousand pits as elephant traps, which are eight feet square, but rounded off towards the bottom, from which, with the aid of tame elephants, the entrapped animal is raised and tamed. The tame elephant is guided by a goad, in shape resembling a small boat-hook. When a wild elephant chases the takers, they betake themselves to the shelter of tree trunks, bamboo clumps, or long grass, frequently escaping uninjured. Many cases are known of men standing against a tree, or hiding in tufts of long grass, within a couple of yards of elephants that were pausing in indecision, without being discovered, though the elephants were evidently aware of their close proximity, as they kicked up the ground in rage, and then made off. In such cases, the slightest movement would have led to the hunters being instantly trampled to death, as sometimes young novices are. Once a man had a narrow escape. He ran from an elephant and climbed a tree; the elephant butted the trunk and the man fell down, but his pursuer was so astonished at the sight that she fled at once. Sometimes drives are conducted by torchlight, and these seldom fail, owing to the elephant's fear of fire.

But in Nepal and some other parts of Northern India they have a more exciting method of capturing wild elephants by means of nooses. The professional elephant-catchers, having marked down a wild herd of elephants, collect together, mounted on tame elephants, and accompanied by two large "taking elephants." The herd of wild elephants having been started, they get away trumpeting and whistling into the thickest part of the jungle, hotly pursued by the mounted hunters, each of whom is provided with three or more nooses, made of very strong raw hide, and so contrived that, when once attached to the elephant, the hind legs are gradually drawn together at every step he takes, until he is brought to a complete standstill. The chase continues frequently for twenty miles at full speed, until in fact the wild herd becomes blown, and is brought to a stand. This is the dangerous time, when the wild animals dash at their pursuers, in their turn causing the most intense excitement during half-an-hour, until the arrival of the two slow-moving large elephants, who, each having three keepers on his back, dash into the herd, creating, by their appearance and their powerful nauseous o'our, an immediate panic among the wild ones, which soon paralyses their efforts of resistance. The active catchers now slide down from their steeds, and, under cover of one of the large elephants, who pushes himself forcibly against the wild one selected from the herd, they, in a most dexterous and daring manner, slip the noose on to each of the hind legs, which operation occupies about three minutes. The noosed elephant is then allowed to depart, but as he goes off, evidently delighted, the noose becomes contracted at every stride, and he finds his intended flight brought to a close at a distance of about sixty yards. And within a few weeks the once free and independent denizen of the forest has a keeper on his back.

The Beni-Amer and other Soudanese tribes in Africa practise a similar mode of entrapping animals. Most of their game they

obtain by means of snares, which they place on the paths made by animals on their way to drink. To prevent the noose from slipping off the leg before it has drawn tight, they use a very ingenious contrivance, called "shereker," which is made in the following manner:—Two hoops are bound tightly together, and between them sharp pieces of tough wood are driven all round, their points just reaching the centre. Those intended for catching antelopes are about the size of a soup-plate; but for buffaloes, giraffes, and other large-footed game, they are made much larger. With a supply of sherekers, as well as running nooses made of twisted hide, the hunter proceeds to a well-beaten track near to some watering-place, where he digs a hole in the middle of it about eighteen inches deep, and a little smaller in diameter than the shereker he intends to use. Having next cut a branch, or small tree, just large enough to check the progress of the animal, but not to stop it, he makes fast to this the loose end of the noose; then he places the shereker over the hole, and arranges the noose over the shereker, brushing some loose earth over all, in order to conceal the snare. Any animal stepping on the pitfall sinks down, and, on starting back, the shereker remains fastened tight to its leg, and prevents the noose from falling off, till it is so tightly drawn that its aid is no longer required. The off, till it is so tightly drawn that its aid is no longer required. The poor beast rushes off, dragging the bush after it, which not only soon wears it, but leaves behind a fatal track by which to guide the hunter, who soon overtakes it, the spear putting a speedy termination to its sufferings.

A curious mode of hunting the wolf is practised by the wild Mushera tribe in Central India. If the wolf sought after be a female, they wait till she has produced a litter of cubs. Her condition is secretly watched before the cubs are born; and this event being over, the cubs and their dam are, after a few days, marked out for destruction, which is accomplished in the following manner. An earthenware pitcher, with a narrow mouth, filled with dried wolf-dung mixed with the dried leaves of a particular tree, is fixed firmly into the entrance of the cave of the wolf, the mouth being placed inwards. The contents of the pitcher being ignited, the Mushera places his mouth close to a small hole made in the bottom of the vessel, and blows as hard as he can, thereby increasing the volume of smoke, which goes into the cave wherein the wolf is lying with her young ones. The Musheras have a notion that the smoke from the wolf's own dung destroys the vital powers of the wolf itself, just as the scorpion's blood, in Europe, was believed to be a cure for the scorpion's bite. Anyhow, the wolf becomes blinded, stupefied, or poisoned (as they say), from the effects of the smoke, and in this condition she is dug out and killed; the cubs, if not already dead with suffocation, being killed afterwards. Their mode of killing the wild boar is equally ingenious, and equally cautious and cowardly. Having watched the tree under whose boughs the boar is wont to make his lair at night, they select a bough wherefrom the animal can be most conveniently reached by a rope ladder. The hunter, having watched his opportunity, fastens one end of the ladder to the bough already selected for the purpose, leaving only so much of the rope hanging towards the ground as will enable him to reach the boar with facility. He then quietly descends his airy ladder, and, standing on the last stick or bar, prods the sleeping boar with his arrow-shaped weapon in the direction of the eye, skull, heart, or throat, so as to give it a wound which will either kill it at once or render it incapable of flight or resistance. Should the blow miss its aim (which is rare), and should the boar show signs of pugnacity (which is equally rare,

since boars seldom look above them), the cautious hunter runs up his rope ladder and is safe. If not, the blows are repeated again and again till the animal is hacked to death. D. N. D.



MESSRS. OSBORN AND TUCKWOOD.—There is a vitality and cheerfulness about the contents of this packet of new music which bodes of holiday rest and renewed vigour amongst poets and composers. Two exceptions to this rule are "Dreamtime," a melancolous poem, by Edward Oxenford, set to appropriate music by Edwin M. Flavell; and "A Mother's Vigil" ("Ave, Maria"), the pathetic words by A. Horspool, music by Alfred Rawlings. Both these songs are good, and will meet with many admirers. "The Last Parade," written and composed by Lindsay Lennox and Edward St. Quentin, is a spirited martial song with a sad ending. —A long and prosperous career may be anticipated for "Madelina," an Italian love song, words by "Nella," music by M. Piccolomini; a this-dainty little ditty, with its melodious refrain, is suitable for a bright young girl; whilst "The College Belle," a humorous song, written by M. E. Garth, composed by Henry Pontet, will prove a great success for her student brother at a smoking concert or a University dinner party. —A jovial song is "Neighbour Joan," a tale of an elderly courtship, which proves that it is never too late to marry, written and composed by A. Horspool and Cecil Winn. —Book IV. of "The Juvenile Song Album" contains nine original songs, written and composed by Wilfrid Mills and Cecil Winn; they will prove a great acquisition to the school-room or nursery repertory; the words are amusing, and the music is tuneful enough to catch the youthful ear. —"The Vesper Voluntaries for Organ, Harmonium, or American Organ" (Book XXVII.), still keep their hold upon popular favour. The current number contains thirteen pieces of the usual type for Church music by J. E. Newell; they are brief, and easy enough to suit amateur players. —A group of pianoforte pieces, adapted for after-dinner drawing-room performance, consists of "Zélé," a graceful dance, which merits its title, by Victor Vienôt; "Roundelay" in B flat, by Carl Malmberg; "The Baroness Gavotte," by Dudley Powell; and "The Abbey March" in G, by D'Auvergne Barnard. —By the last-named composer is "The Flower-Maiden Waltz," a very pretty and danceable specimen of its kind. —The same may be said of "Pit-a-Pat Polka," by Theo Bonheur.

MESSRS. MARRIOTT AND WILLIAMS.—"Serenade," music by Harwood Vaughan, is another charming setting of Longfellow's favourite poem "Stars of the Summer Night." It will take a good place with its numerous rivals. —The Gipsy Fortune-Teller, "Come, Cross My Hand," words by Neville Lynn, F.S.L.A., music by Thomas Morton, will make a striking effect at a picnic, or any outdoor gathering, especially when a good mandoline-player is at hand to improvise an *ad libitum* accompaniment. —A merry little "Gigue" for the pianoforte, by Julius Arcott, may well be learnt by heart.

JAMES BROWN.—There is much tedious repetition in the words of "I Am Dreaming," by C. Akhurst Jenner; the music by Carl Webb is fairly good.

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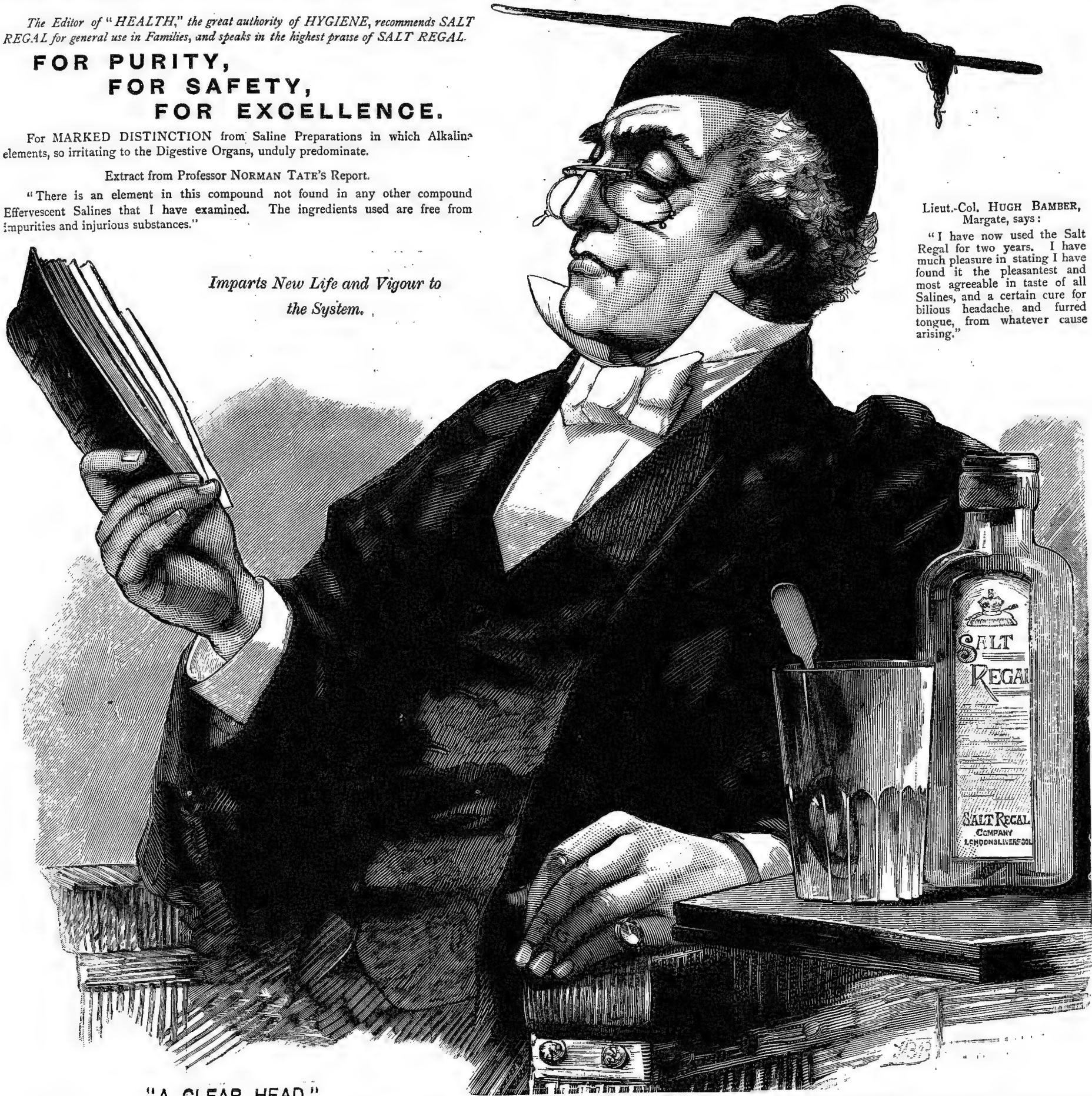
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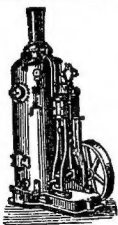
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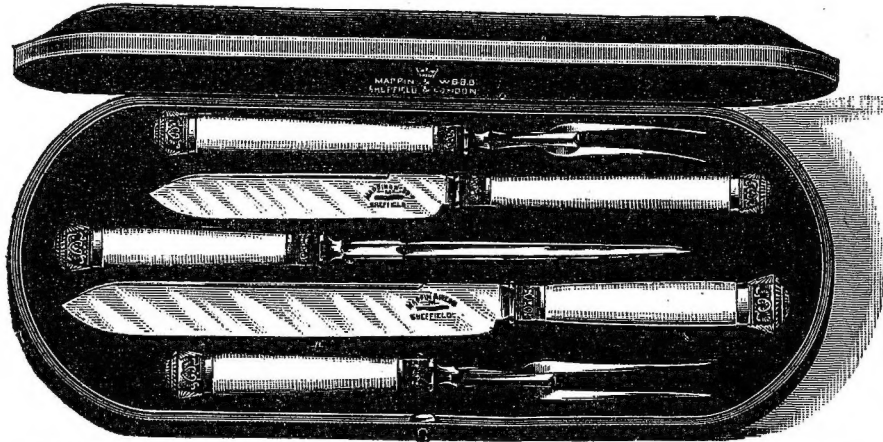


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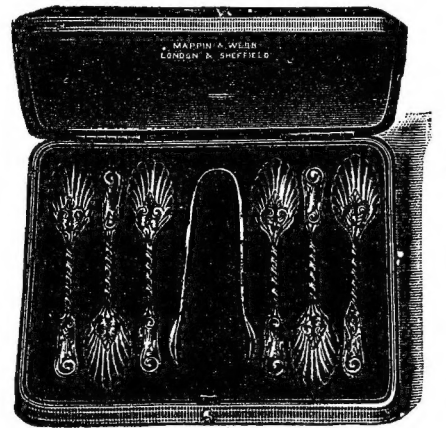
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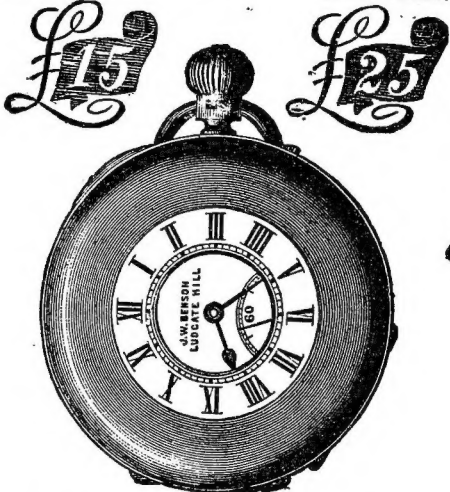
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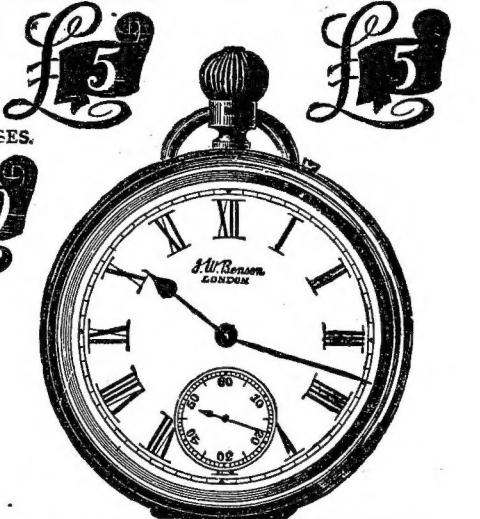
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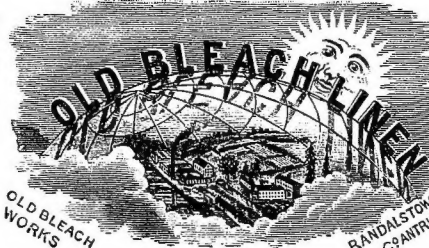
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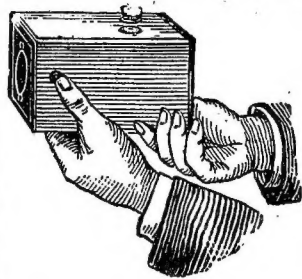
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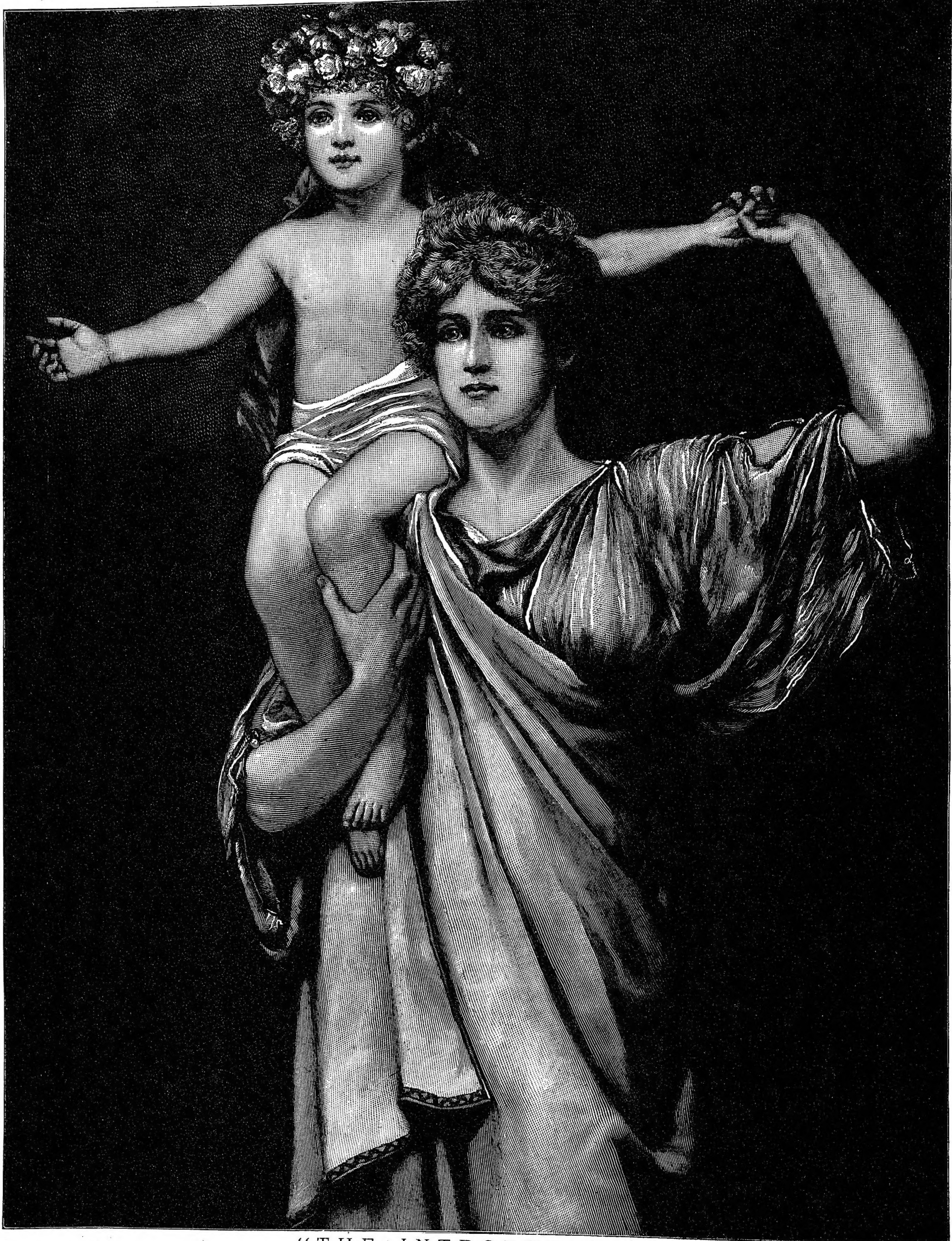
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